CREATING
A
NEW
PARADIGM

AUDRE
LORDE

A BENEFIT FOR ZAMI'S
AUDRE LORDE SCHOLARSHIP FUND

-PROGRAMME-

ZAMI, Inc.,

Atlanta's Premiere Organization for
Lesbians of African Descent

presents

CREATING A NEW PARADIGM

Sunday, April 27, 1997
City Hall East, Phoenix Room

Music	Beth Casner, Mary Grider
Song	Jessica Murphy
Song	Lily Huddleston
Reading	Garneda Phillips
Affirmation	Yvette Davis
Welcome	Mary Anne Adams
Reading	Adodi Muse

Introduction of Scholarship Recipients

Recipients	Akeya Works Wendi O'Neal

Remarks	Linda Bryant
Poetry	Imani-Shamfu Evans
Poetry	Antonia Randolph
Song	Lily Huddleston
Reading	Adodi Muse
Closing	Mary Anne Adams

"Ac
dr
th

1997 Audre Lorde Scholarship Recipients

Wendi O'Neal is a graduating senior at Spelman College where she majors in painting. She is a co-founding member of the first chartered organization of out same sex attracted students at the historically black women's school, Spelman College. Through her involvement with this group, the Spelman College Lesbian/bisexual Alliance, Wendi has found support from other lesbian, bisexual and questioning young women.

Akeya Works is a sophomore at Georgia State University majoring in Marketing and Advertising with a minor in psychology. Her goal is to one day own her own advertising firm called "The Works" Akeya is a member of the youth group at Atlanta's Lesbian and Gay Center and the Power of Women, a feminist group at Georgia State.

Wendi and Akeya are making herstory as the first recipients of a scholarship fund established by lesbians of African descent.

vledged, our
can shape
lities of our
ture."
re Lorde

Audre Lorde **defined herself as a black lesbian, feminist , warrior poet. She was a major American poet whose concerns were international and whose words have left their mark on many lives.**

The Audre Lorde Scholarship fund was created by ZAMI, Inc., in the fall of 1995 to honor and support outstanding (out) lesbians of African descent attending a two or four year college in Georgia. Three scholarships of $1000 each are awarded annually.

thanks to the sistas of ZAMI

especially

michelle, edith, carla, frances, iris, traci, bj, millicent, maria, lisa, hannah, annette and mary anne

SPECIAL THANKS

to Advance Contributors...

Edie Cofrin
Wendy Belkin
Stephanie Stephens
Sally Purvis
Susan Fraysse

Hugs and Kisses to our great talent

love you women of Charis

Video by Quinn

Queering THE South

1 Arrow Park ✓
2 WHO GOD BE ✓
3 IN THE UPPER ROOM ✓
4 Post Nuclear Slut
5 Cream Dreams ✓
6 AFTER THE NEWS GOT OUT ✓
7 GRAVITY ✓
8 Initiation
9 Last Rites ✓
10 For All of Us
11 Uprising

C.R. POUNCY

ARROW PARK

G – Standing
in a weary land
poised
at the edge of history
I heard
a voice
cry out
T { “Behold ,
I will do
a new thing...”

G They were strangers,
D children of strangers,
M stangers to themselves,
G beloved of the sun
D dark against the blue sky.
G And She called them
out.

G And they came
M from towers standing impudent,
D from shacks near Yamasee,
M from the city of friends
D/M and bombs,
G from this world/ MD and from the world arriving,
G She called them;
G and She called them
out.

G And the came.
M Across land and water
D across fear and loathing
M across treachery and the rumor of death,
G they heard Her call.

T “My Children , “
G She said,
G and some heard;
T my Warriors,
G and came fresh
D/G from battles in the streets of Brooklyn
M/G and in the valleys
of negro life.

T “My Children,”
G She said,
and some heard;
T my Scribes,
G and they came open
to Her word
and it burned joyously
in their minds
and illuminated their vision.

T “My Children,”
G She said,
and some heard;
T my Prophets,
and came pregant
burtisting
with the truth
ready
on their lips.
go Here →

AND when they came
“holding men they Love nearby”
AS MEN
" " "
and FAST in their m

And they came
and when the came together
T it was like
attending your birth;
T it was like
opening your eyes;

G it was the holy ghost.

~~Cradled on the altar~~
~~of weary arms~~
~~I fell in love~~
~~19 times~~
~~forver.~~

T Just above my head
I heard
a voice
cry out
G Behold...”

COME FROMBEHIND The STANDS

WHO GOD BE

(T'AIN'T A QUESTION)

D God be a sissy
T And a bulldagger, too.

D I seen him cruisin' one day.
D/T Our eyes locked
T And his sheer beauty knocked me out.

D I was struttin' down the av'nue
When I seen her in a muscle shirt
An' some cut-off jeans.
T She was schoolin' some fool 'bout the word "fish."

D Allah be a sissy
T And a bulldagger, too.

D Chile, I caught him readin'
T Preachin' to a crowd 'bout the "isms."
D Never heard words more powerful
Seen a crowd more moved.

T Once,
She was sittin' with the children
Speakin' of unconditional love,
D And societal ruin.
Thought I'd cry for days.

D You see, Jehovah be a sissy
T And a bulldagger, too.

T Sometime I see her tall and beautiful
Wit' locks trailing down her ass
And brains to match the blade of her passion.

Tyger stalks his prey

Narrator This is Tyger(seen posing and primming on back-lit screen). He just discovered boys. He's got it goin' on with the boys, he's charming, masculine and knows what he likes sexually. He's a man and goes for boys who don't challenge his masculinity. They always prove to be an easy catch since they always fall for his boy charm. He refers to his pieces in female terms, let's listen in. (Tyger and Sammy are gettin' it on.)

Tyger Yeah, how's that pussy. Is it ready for me?

Sammie Yeah!

T Good, I'm coming in.

S Nah, ah, ah,...not like this. Put the party hat on!

T But baby!

S Baby what?

T That shit don't fit. Look at this(holds a dildo)

S Look Mandingo, if that shit don't fit on that, then that thing won't fit up in here. 'Cause this booty is condom-fit. So u better hit it 'cause I don't do no hand or blow jobs.

T But baby, whazzup?

S Begone, begone, u have no powers!

D Sometimes I see him slumped and miserable
Stooped over from the footsteps of Life
And the trials only such as we can know.

D But I know we goin' keep on.

T Cuz you best believe
D The lord be a sissy
T And be a bulldagger, too.

Large group assembly" Closure- How was it for you?

Objective is to come down from this talk together to process feelings that may have arisen. People are encouraged to share about their groups and what they heard. We will end with a question on community norm. Can we do something about this?, what is it going to take?

Create awareness of successful models in changing community norms. Seat belt use and drinking while driving. The norm today is live and let live, which is more like die and let die. We can plant a seed of awareness that no matter how safe we are we can contribute to reach a community norm of being safe, if not for oneself, for each other.

Handout to include GMHC's safer sex guidelines for gay men, list of books on the subject, phone list of agencies and hotlines, survey on sexual behavior, CDC reports on sero-prevalence and trends by demographics local and nationally.

3rd Sunday
June 15th- Safer Sex workshop-
The place to get the 411 on what's up with oral sex, condoms, lube and anything you want to know with special guests:

Dr. Peterson on reasons why we may act against our better judgement, Steve Hazel AESM on what's going on out there, Dr. Bickers to set the record straight on what else besides HIV we should be on the lookout for, and should we still use protection in light of all the new promising treatments. Plus Mental health professional on issues that affect consistent use of protection.

Carlos will do a safer sex 101 like you've never seen before.

Format:

DONALD WOODS

G. Winston

IN THE UPPER ROOM

(FOR the men of "Other Countries")

across the globe
the itchy terrain of our earth life
dark continents we

roll condoms on our tounges
in a round of minor
discord and fleeting harmonies

amputees all
severed at the lips
on the virgin kiss
of brotherhood

peck your neck
close your eyes
hug yourself

scrambling
for limber phrases
jabbing boney pointers into mid-air

grimace with me
hug me
snapshot the texture
the layers of wooly clothing

nail down the moment
the deliberate embrace
the smell new
act of love

CARY ALAN JOHNSON

POST-NUCLEAR SLUT

D Tony says they don't make a limbo pole
low enough for him
M whore at a jerk-off party
he was ejected by the safe-sex gestapo
for opening his thighs to probes.

G Boy had a body like America
bi-costal and symbolic.
He too digested truth in small doses.

D He had no problem learning to pray
M He would drop to his knees on a dime.
G He'd worshiped more men than icons
More johns than Jesus
D Genuflection was a familiar point-of-view.

D To him Black men were a treasure map
the desert of their underarms
G the forest of their lower backs
M the tundra of their bellies.
D/M/G Ah . . . the geography of it!

D He complained to friends
G that being a butch bottom
was a tough row to hoe
M always getting the shitty end
of the stick.

G Oh there were the nights
of doing nothing
D and nothing doing
and channeling and channeling (ROUNDS)
ALL and still nothing

G But then there were the nights
of three a.m.
M Fear burning like a rock
in his stomach
D and he hurried to haunted mansions
M with sticky floors
G where even the ghosts
trembled.

You must pack your dreams carefully: stuff them with newsprint and wrap them in soft blue tissue paper. Remember to use a large heavy duty crate, the kind that is very well insulated.

Then arrange your carefully secured dreams alphabetically as well as chronologically, according to size and shape, in case they are needed sooner than expected. Surround them with plenty of styrofoam popcorn, and finally, carefully label the crate, on all sides, top as well as bottom, ***F R A G I L E****, leaving plenty of room for the labels of the stops along the way.*

ARD-YOU-US

Because, though the tickets have been secured, the destinations are uncertain, and the journey, itself, will definitely be long and arduous, with many a tragedy and many a pit-stop along the way.

And, though most of these carefully secured dreams will be fractured/demolished during the journey; perhaps, with enough care and foresight, one or two of the smaller ones just might survive.

degree of work with other committees to coordinate the transportation for their various tasks

This committee is also responsible for communicating with MARTA to coordinate the use of Public Transportation as much as possible.

DUNCAN

VERNON MAULSBY

AFTER THE NEWS GOT OUT

I cry in the darkened room,
waiting for my lover, waiting
to hear his decision

Went shopping earlier
Bled from the sharp, fearful glances
and whispers.
The bag boy ignored me
My purchases piled high on the moving rubber belt.

Mother visited once armed with a Bible
Her whole attitude a latex glove,
I volunteered to make us lunch
it sent her packing.

My lover has come home and
I'm dry-eyed in the living room
he's packing in the bedroom.
I look out the window, at the street below,
a wondrous boy sits in the car,
waiting like
a contented cat.

My man slammed the door as he left, and
more than the house keys were abandoned
on the hall table.

T Turn around! Just like that. Yeah, spread it with your hands. Look at it! It's winking at me. This pussy's ready.

M Oh, Tyger, Take it!

N Do you think he'll leave the shower to get some rubbers?...I didn't think so. He's caught up in the heat of the moment. The water's running, the juices are flowing...literally. Let's hear what's going on in their minds.

M (Damn! He always does this. He knows how to work me and before I know it he's all up in there. We've never talked about it, but he must be OK. I mean, after all, he's a top! Damn he feels so good inside me!)

T (Shit feels so good. Damn, this shit is real good! Sure glad he's never insisted on me wearing a rubber. Well...he has, but I've always gotten my way. I think he likes it like that. I've never been tested, but I feel alright. He's never told me 'bout him either, but he has to be healthy, just look at this booty! Damn, it feels good up in here.)

Tyger struggles

Narrator It's not that he's always careless, he does try most of the time. If only he could juggle the mechanics of putting it on while keeping the flow going, things would work out just fine. Let's see what I mean.

N He is now a pro at doing boys. He has the right cd(Marvin or Teddy P comes on), the right light(red gel over light), leopard print sheets for any accidents and a step by step method to getting his groove on. First, a kiss, if there's bad breath,

Tyger Pheew

N he goes for a hug. While embracing, he reaches for the booty highway and discreetly does an oil check with his finger. He then sniffs the finger behind the embrace.

T Sniffs

N If it smells peachy, it's off to the bed, if it's funky then

T Why don't we take a shower?

N To him the moment comes when the piece is face down, the pillow placed so that the booty is way up in the air, just waiting to be taken. He now reaches for the

Duriel E. Harris/ Gravity/ 12.95
191 Washington Pk.#3
Brooklyn, NY 11205-4061
718-488-7703

2 great!

Gravity

D (grav'-a-ti.) the force of attraction of one body for another, esp. of objects to the earth.

M He said he had cancer. He did. ALL
T But it was what he did not have that killed him.
M It's like that. Gravity takes. ALL

G *Nothing left to fight with.*
ALL We stood on the yellow line of the subway platform,
G waiting, rocking on our heels, T
D watching the dingy glint of the tracks for signs.
M I saw a rat darting in and out of the side pockets
G pulling twine to make something underground.
G *I am unraveling,* ~~he said~~.
M I wished I had hopped the turnstile:
D as if stealing small things
T could bring small things back.

2

G *I'm scared, girl. I want more than this.*
M I watched the flesh of his body thin.
T The skin fell in flakes.
D He stopped eating.
G The dying was slow.
M Last bits of sap from the tree.

SPACE

G.

INITIATION
(FOR DONALD)

T Now that I have
Sat up with death
Held its hand rocked it
Grieved to its giggle
Mocking me to stones
Too big to pass alone

G Now that I have
Mourned the passing of
Men loves never had
Acts un-acted
Perversion polited pubescently

D Now that I have
Shed shades of nigger boy for
Pigments of faggot queer
Gender bender blur

M Now that I am
Fairy freaky free
Initiate me

T Paint wars on my cheeks
Anoint me with cocoa oil and cum
So I speak in tongues twisted so tight
They untangle my mind

M Hold my head in hand
Slice it bless it
Leave a cross on its tip

T/M Initiation to the fight

D/G Mark of the rite

butter or nuthin. He gave it up so easily, he must be positive too. Damn this shit [illegible] real good!

Tyger's kikis with Vern

N Tyger is now all into the life. He's enjoying himself and somehow HIV seems distant. All over the news are stories on how close we are to a cure and how well people are doing with new medicines. Great, 'cause he never liked condoms anyway. Tyger's best friend Vern, called Tyger to get the 411 on the house party last night in Decatur. They usually go together and always end up at a club, but Vern couldn't go and Tyger stayed after most people left and Is letting Vern on the details.

Vern So whazzup!

T Ah Vern, last night it was da bomb! G's party in Decatur got it goin' on once the children left for The World.

V What u mean?

T I mean they got their freak on. Ya shoulda seen the scene. They were tearing it all up.

V Did u get into the action?

T Well....not really

V Tyger pleeze!

T Well...Hell yeah! There were some fine motherfuckers there. Those boys were in da house. There was some major carrying on up in there.

DUNCAN

LAST RIGHTS

When I learned of Gregory's death
I cried silently
But at the funeral
Giiiiirl I'm telling you
I rocked Miss Church
Hell I fell to my knees twice
Before I reached my seat
Three people had to carry me
To my pew
I swayed and swooned
Blew my nose
On any and every available sleeve
The snot was flying everywhere
Then when I finally saw his body
My body jerked itself
Right inside that casket
And when I placed my lips on his
Honey the place was shaking
I returned to my seat
But not before passing by his mother
Who I'm sure at this point
Was through with me
I threw myself on her knees
Shouting "Help me
Help me Jesus"

N Tyger is losing i[illegible] now. This is just too much work and dat booty's calling, actuall[illegible] shouting at him. He doesn't want to disappoint, but the dick is losing steam. Faced with an uncooperative condom and the booty screaming at him he finally says,

T Fuck it, I'm coming in.

P Damn, I thought you'd never get on wit it!

T No baby, it's all good

N Inside his mind he really said

T Fuck it, at least I tried. Besides, he didn't seem to care that I was having trouble getting it on with all that ass wriggling, after all I was putting it on for him.

Tyger hits the bottle

N Tyger's hit a funk lately. Bills are piling up, he's behind in the rent and the apartment complex is getting on his back to come up with some coins or his ass will out the door. He's also lost 2 friends. The first time he ever knew anyone who died. The only good thing going for him is that the boys are never in short numbers. It's Friday night, he just got paid and Loretta's will be lovely tonight. You know he's gonna get some tonight.

(We see Tyger drinking) He's had a few brewskies and a couple of stiff sex on the beach and he's feeling it. (Enter Larry and they converse) He spots Larry who he had flirted last month at a party, some AIDS benefit. Larry is PHYNE, he's got

When someone in the choir
Sang out “Work it girl
Wooooork it”
All hell broke loose
I was carried out
Kicking and screaming
Ushered into the waiting limo
Which sped me to his family's house
Where I feasted
On fried chicken
Hot-water corn bread
Macaroni and cheese
Johnny Walker Black
Finally in my rightful place

Brothers like you will gather to talk about...

Getting your freak on, what's really going on?

An open and honest talk about why usung protection is not automatic and what can we do to make it safer for all.

Where:	City Hall East on Ponce de Leon @ the Phoenix Room.
When:	Sunday June 8th, 6:00pm sharp
411:	Call 404.892.7096 for more information.

Coming June 15th @ 6:00pm at The Lambda Center
(828 West Peachtree St)

2ndSunday's Safer Sex workshop

featuring health care professionals to answer every question, and a very special live condom demonstration. You don't want to miss this!

MALIK

FOR ALL OF US: ESPECIALLY J

M truth is
death draws us closer
eliminates the negatives
links us
arm in arm
with memories
stops us cold in the middle of a crazy day
death flashes the moments
we'd forgotten or didn't pay no mind to
G the way you hugged with your arms not your heart
the way you loved the idea of us
M more than the intricate reality

it's not fair
the way it leaves the livers
shivering in their mortality
G spitting up legends
M manufacturing myths
that mirror our dreams
then mock our reflection
turned three quarter view

sometime we gotta see you again
G sitting down when you really should stand
turning the other cheek
hanging back

saving it for the keyboard
M where you loved us best
on the printed page where we loved you back
the idea of ourselves in a marathon
running race with our time bomb
strapped to our gleaming bodies

Dr. Peterson- Introduction on self-identity issues that are intrinsic to the consistent u[illegible] of protection(5min)

Carlos- Safer sex 101 with a live demonstration on the practical aspects for consistent use of protection.(20 min)

Dr. Bickers- STD 101 on what are the prevalent infections that are affecting our community and what should we be looking for as it relates to the sex we have.(5 min)

Mental Health professional(R. Mathis?)- Issues prevalent in our community that are conducive to inconsistent use of protection.(5 min)

Question and answer session.

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V Did u get into the action?

T Well....not really

V Tyger pleeze!

T Well...Hell yeah! There were some fine motherfuckers there. Those boys were in da house. There was some major carrying on up in there.

you made sense of our sore spots and
licked the wounds of a patient
comatose by every flung gesture
G lobotomized by each curse word spit

it's the pain that's not fair BOTH
M you hurting/me hurting G
in separate spaces
G it's the love that's indirect
caught in tornadoes whirling round us engulfing us BOTH
but never landing
G never lighting on two needy lives

M never landing on a full heart like mine
a bulbous brain blooming like yours
BOTH we wrapped in prose
and sudden poetry/ M with clear line
breaks my heart
G that we leave here lonely
M hypnotized by our
vision
by our panoramic love
with heather hills and hand holding

it breaks my heart that/we leave here without
echoe

UPRISING

D I want to start a campaign
One that gets homosexuals
To recall
What it means to be gay
A campaign that will scrape away
At milennias' worth of stone
To unearth the legions
Of sissified warriors
G - Who lived, died
And worked their magic
In, on and about
This world.

F - I want to ignite a protest
To gather all the mystics
In one place,
That we might speak that one truth
That will suck the moisture
From the air
And create oceans at our feet
G - That truth that will
Snuff out the light
And remind the Children
That we have been here
Since creation.

M - I want also to invoke the Bible
To say that in the beginning
Was the word
And that word shaped the Universe
Into a thing of so many wonders
That mortal man
Can only fail to see
G - Unless he admits that
He is as blind as the stars
And far less significant
Than the trees that have survived
Far longer than he.

T I want to summon
The truth of names
And the defining energy
That dwells within them
M To let the mouths of our enemies
Show us that
They have always known
That we were defined by power
D As the fairy's magic lives
The flame of the faggot burns
T The strength of the dyke holds
M And the gaiety of the queer endures.

G – I want to ignite a blaze, ~~goddamnit~~
A conflagration of lesbians who remember
What it was like to watch
Their sisters burn in the night
T Struggling against the fetters
That bound them
To the witching posts
M And to the lies
And to the angry penises
G – Jealous of feminine power
So softly displayed like iron
At the hot core of the earth.

D I want us to shatter the windows of heaven
With diamonds
G – To assemble before the throne of God
ALL – Dressed in the stars
G – And holding the planets in our hands
Asking the angels simply:
ALL – Are we not beautiful (ROUNDS)
D – That the rivers and the wind
Sing our names in the gloaming
M If we are not, / then destroy the world
G – For you have put nothing marvelous
In it.

G. Winston James
May 21, 1993

G. WINSTON JAMES

FAGBASHER

M Did you think it was over
Simply because you didn't
Leave me the strength to continue
To scream
All "Why"

T And maybe you think that just because a bat
T Could crack my skull and
T Shatter my world that it could
T Murder my spirit?

D Oh, no, my friend.
D Rest firmly assured,
D Divas don't die
D Quite that easily.

M But I guess you were figuring that out
While
All the first man grabbed you up,
M And had it plain before the fourth man
M Held your arms
All tight against the bars.

T Swing their fleshy bats behind you so fast
T That you thought you could hear them
T Cutting through the air at your back,
T Threatening to beat you down.

D You didn't know that getting fucked
D Had a sound,
T Did you? Like a fight
That you were losing

"The establishment of the Atlanta Lambda Community Center is truly an exciting project for the Gay and Lesbian community of metropolitan Atlanta. The Lambda Center will provide a central meeting place for local organizations. Plus, it will act as a center for social events for the community at large. Atlanta has one of the most diverse Gay and Lesbian communities in the nation."

Cynthia McKinney
Member of Congress

"The Office of Lesbian/Gay/Bisexual Life at Emory University wishes to express strong support for the proposed Lambda Community Center in Atlanta.... We feel that our community in Atlanta has long needed such a large, centralized space. It will facilitate communication and cohesion within the community and will allow groups to expand the range of services they provide."

Saralyn Chestnut
Director, Emory University Office of Lesbian/Gay/Bisexual Life

"Southern Country Atlanta is pleased to endorse the formation of the Atlanta Lambda Community Center, Inc. It is our opinion that any and all organizations which provide support and facilities for the local gay and lesbian community are welcome and much needed."

Hans Kreigsman
1993 President, Southern Country Atlanta

"As an organization, we fully support the Atlanta Lambda Community Center and look forward to a time when we can be under one roof with otherlocal organizations striving for community unity and strength."

Kenneth A. Johnson
Black and White Men Together/Atlanta

"At pesent, Women of Wisdom is in need of meeting space to accomodate 25-30 people on a monthly basis. To accomodate our long-term goals, the creation of the Lambda Community Center would be ideal. We need a centrally located safe, accessible space for meetings and social gatherings, and office space to provide planning and delivery of services to gay and lesbian elders. Women of Wisdom will be happy to provide all the help we can in making the Lambda Community Center a reality."

Marsha Bond
Women of Wisdom

"As members of the gay and lesbian community in Atlanta and as small business owners, we recognize the need for a gay and lesbian community center in our city. It is a definite void in the services that are offered in our city.... At Maddix, we are committed to doing our part to insure that the vision of the Lambda Community Center becomes a reality."

Tim Boyd & Michael Phillips
Maddix de•luxe

All all the more,
T The harder you resisted.

T Go ahead ,
D/T scream ,
T motherfucker!
M And pretend that your hard little dick
Isn’t saying all the things you were thinking
D When you were swinging a bat at me.

T/D Scream ,
T and I’ll clog your throat
On my way out from you twisted depths.
D/M Yell,
D pant ,choke on all the dead faggots
Climbing over your teeth to watch and chant:

T “Fuck him ,
M/T fuck him.”
M As you get slammed by a guy
Who wanted to be faggot
M/D But just ended up being a man.

T “Fuck my friend Dean out of him !”
D Open your mouth wider!
M “And I wanna see my friend John”
T How do you like a bat up your butt?
All “Fuck the life out of him.”

T Until the last man
All Cums
T in your ass.

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Saralyn Chestnut
Director, Emory University Office of Lesbian/Gay/Bisexual Life

"**S**outhern Country Atlanta is pleased to endorse the formation of the Atlanta Lambda Community Center, Inc. It is our opinion that any and all organizations which provide support and facilities for the local gay and lesbian community are welcome and much needed."

Hans Kreigsman
1993 President, Southern Country Atlanta

"**A**s an organization, we fully support the Atlanta Lambda Community Center and look forward to a time when we can be under one roof with otherlocal organizations striving for community unity and strength."

Kenneth A. Johnson
Black and White Men Together/Atlanta

"**A**t pesent, Women of Wisdom is in need of meeting space to accomodate 25-30 people on a monthly basis. To accomodate our long-term goals, the creation of the Lambda Community Center would be ideal. We need a centrally located safe, accessible space for meetings and social gatherings, and office space to provide planning and delivery of services to gay and lesbian elders. Women of Wisdom will be happy to provide all the help we can in making the Lambda Community Center a reality."

Marsha Bond
Women of Wisdom

"**A**s members of the gay and lesbian community in Atlanta and as small business owners, we recognize the need for a gay and lesbian community center in our city. It is a definite void in the services that are offered in our city.... At Maddix, we are committed to doing our part to insure that the vision of the Lambda Community Center becomes a reality."

Tim Boyd & Michael Phillips
Maddix de•luxe

WE ARE HERE

M T D
X X X

THE MUSE
WE ARE HERE!
TONY
WE ARE PROUD,
MALIK
BLACK GAY MEN
DUNCAN
STANDING TALL WITH OUR HEADS HELD HIGH

TONY
WE ARE ARTIST, WRITERS, PERFORMERS
~~THE MUSE~~ DUNCAN
SINGERS, DANCERS, ACTIVISTS
MALIK
AND SOMETIMES ORDINARY BROTHERS

TONY – STEP FORWARD
WE ARE INDIVIDUALS
THE MUSE – STEP UP
WE ARE ONE!
MALIK – MOVE DOWN LEFT
WRITING STORIES TO FREE OUR LIVES FROM PAIN
DUNCAN
CREATING WORKS
MALIK
TO BIND OUR LIVES
OUR THOUGHTS
TONY
WITH EXPRESSIONS OF EMOTION

DUNCAN
SINGING SONGS,
TONY
GIVING PRAISE,
MALIK
SIMPLY BEING
TONY
DANCING TO RHYTHMS, move down Left
MALIK
PRIMAL AND SEDUCTIVE
DUNCAN
EMANATING FROM ONE
TONY
AND PASSING THROUGH ANOTHER move across center

TONY
WE ARE A COLLECTIVE!
MALIK/DUNCAN
OUTSIDERS!

~~*DUNCAN*~~ TONY
WE HAVE COME TOGETHER
~~*TONY*~~ DUNCAN
TO FEED IN THE PRESENCE OF OUR BROTHERS,
MALIK
EMBRACING OUR OWN REFLECTIONS
TONY
TELLING OUR OWN STORIES,
DUNCAN
IN OUR OWN VOICES

THE MUSE
DRAWING STRENGTH AND KNOWLEDGE
FROM A SHARED DESIRE TO BE HEARD

TONY
PUSHING BEYOND OUR PAIN
MALIK
WE HAVE COME TOGETHER TO HEAL,
DUNCAN
TO LOVE
THE MUSE
TO CREATE,
TONY
TO CHALLENGE STEREOTYPES,
MALIK
TO GROW,
DUNCAN
TO ENDURE,
THE MUSE
TO LIVE!
DUNCAN
WE ARE *SPIRITUAL*
TONY
(TRIBAL AND CONNECTED TO THE LAND)
MALIK
WE ARE *WARRIORS!*
DUNCAN
(TRIED AND TRUE)
THE MUSE
WE ARE *REVOLUTIONARIES!*
EASY WITH ATTITUDE
WE ARE **ADODI**!

TONY
WE ARE HERE BECAUSE OF THE VOICES AND THE LIVES OF
BROTHERS AND SISTERS WHO HAVE INSPIRED US ,
AND ARE NO LONGER HERE;
LINKED TO THEIR SPIRITS BY REFLECTIONS OF FAMILIARITY.

ALVIN AILEY

JAMES BALDWIN	JOESEPHINE BAKER
JOESPH BEAM	MABEL HAMPTON
STEVEN CORBIN	LORIANNE HANESBURY
MELVIN DIXON	ZORA NEALE HURSTON
ULYSSES DOVE	BARBRA JORDAN
CRAIG HARRIS	TERRI JEWEL
ESSEX HEMPHILL	AUDRE LORDE
UMAR HASAN	VENUS LANDIN
LANGSTON HUGHES	MOMS MABLEY
TRE JOHNSON	PAT PARKER
PATRICK KELLY	HARRIET TUBMAN
MARLON RIGGS	SOJOURNER TRUTH
BAYARD RUSTIN	DANITRA VANCE
ASSOTTO SAINT	

TONY
WE ARE HERE BECAUSE OF THE WORKS OF SISTERS AND BROTHERS WHO CONTINUALLY WRITE AND SPEAK OUT AGAINST HOMOPHOBIA,
TONY/DUNCAN
XENOPHOBIA,
TONY/DUNCAN/MALIK
EROTOPHOBIA,
THE MUSE
MISOGYNY,
THE MUSE MALIK/TONY
RACISM,
TONY
AND AIDS DISCRIMINATION
FACE FORWARD when CALLING NAMES

BISHOP CARL BEAN	MANDY CARTER
KEITH BOYKIN	CHARLENE COTHRAN
SAMUEL DELANEY	JOAN GARDNER
E. LYNN HARRIS	JEWELLE GOMEZ
JAMES EARL HARDY	DR. SHIRLENE HOLMES
CRAIG HICKMAN	PAT HUSSAIN
G. WINSTON JAMES	JUNE JORDAN
BILL T. JONES	RENEE McCOY
DR. ELIAS FARAJAJE JONES	MICHELLE PARKERSON
RANDALL KEENAN	DR. SLYVIA RHUE
STEVE LANGELY	SAPPHIRE
CLEO MANGO	BARBRA SMITH

VEGA	SABRINA SOJOURNER
PHILL WILSON	JOCELYN TAYLOR
GEORGE C. WOLFE	LINDA VILLAROSA

SHAY YOUNGBLOOD

DUNCAN
WE ARE HERE TO KEEP THE FIRES OF OUR SOULS BURNING BRIGHTLY,
TONY
OUR WORDS IGNIGHTING THE MINDS OF BROTHERS
MALIK
WHO WILL BE WE IN THE FUTURE

TONY
WE WILL NOT BE SILENT!
DUNCAN
(WE WILL NOT BE SILENT)
MALIK
(WE WILL NOT BE SILENT)
TONY
SILENCE WILL NOT BE OUR SHIELD IN BATTLE,
OUR COMRADE IN WAR, NOR COMFORT IN LONELY HOURS

TONY
WE
DUNCAN
STAND
THE MUSE
TOGETHER!

TONY
THANKING THE ANCESTORS FOR THEIR COURAGE
DUNCAN
COMMUNING WITH THEIR SPIRITS
MALIK
CARRYING THEIR VOICES
CONTINUING THE JOURNEY

THE MUSE
WE ARE HERE
WE ARE PROUD BLACK GAY MEN
STANDING TALL WITH OUR HEADS HELD HIGH
CONTINUING THE JOURNEY
Tony Daniels @ 95

PSYCHOSIS #2: "JUDGE NOT, THAT YE NOT BE JUDGED" (MATTHEW 7:1)

SINGING

I. HE SITS, TEARS SLOWLY DRIPPING DOWN HIS FACE IN THE DESERTED CHURCH, PEERING DOWN AT THE NEARLY NAKED BODY OF JESUS. ASHAMED BECAUSE HE IS AROUSED BY THE BODY OF CHRIST HANGING FROM THE CROSS.

HE DOESN'T STOP TO CONSIDER THAT ALL NEARLY-NAKED PEOPLE, MALE AND FEMALE, AROUSE HIM. ESPECIALLY THE ONES IN THE UNDERWEAR SECTION OF THE SEARS AND JC PENNY'S CATALOG WHICH HIS MOTHER HAS FORBIDDEN HIM TO TOUCH UNLESS SHE'S IN THE ROOM. BUT IT IS THE MEN IN THE PAGES OF THE CATALOG THAT ARE THE SOURCE OF HIS FANTASIES

HAVING A GOOD GUT WRENCHING CRY, HE DOESN'T HEAR THE CHARACTERISTIC SHUFFLE OF THE ONCE VERY HANDSOME, BUT NOW AGING PREACHER APPROACHING. THE FAMILIAR SOUNDS OF THE PREACHER'S FOOTSTEPS AGAINST THE HARDWOOD FLOORS REACH HIS EARS BUT NEVER REGISTER IN HIS HEAD. A FIRM HAND GRIPS HIS SHOULDER. HE LOOKS UP INTO THE HUGE, DEEP BROWN EYES OF THE PREACHER; THERE HIS PAIN IS REFLECTED.

F[illegible]M

REACHING INTO HIS INSIDE JACKET POCKET, THE PREACHER REMOVES 2 NEATLY FOLDED CRISPLY PRESSED COTTON HANDKERCHIEFS. ONE HE GIVES TO HIS DISTRAUGHT PARISHIONER, THE OTHER HE USES TO WIPE AWAY THE HUGE BEADS OF SWEAT COVERING HIS FOREHEAD. AS HE BEGINS TO WIPE HIS FACE, HIS SOBS BEGIN TO CEASE. WITH HIS HEAD BOWED, HE NOTICES THE PREACHER'S SIZE 13'S; SUDDENLY THE BOY IS CAPTURED BY A CLICHE:

II. BIG FEET, BIG MEAT, BIG FEET, BIG MEAT, BIG FEET, BIG MEAT, BIG FEET, BIG MEAT . . .

I. BACK INTO THE GRIPS OF FEAR, HORRIFIED BY HIS OWN DESIRES, THE SMELL OF FORMALDEHYDE PUSHES HIM FURTHER, FURTHER INTO GRIPS OF LUST AND THE ARMS OF THE PREACHER. HE CONFESSES THROUGH TEARS TO THE PREACHER THE SOURCE OF HIS ANGUISH:

II. HELP ME PREACHER. I KEEP THINKING BOUT MEN IN WAYS THAT AIN'T NATURAL AND I KNOW ITS WRONG, CAN'T BE RIGHT, CAN IT PREACHER? HELP ME I'M WEAK.

I. THE PREACHER STANDS THERE WITH BOTH HANDS PLACED FIRMLY ON THE BOY'S SHOULDERS.

III. MY CHILD, MY CHILD, DO NOT BE TROUBLED BY THESE THOUGHTS. THE LORD HOLDS YOU IN HIS ARMS ALWAYS . . .

I. . . . PULLING THE BOY CLOSE TO HIM IN A WARM EMBRACE. LOOKING UP INTO THE BIG, DEEP BROWN EYES . . .

II. WHAT MUST I DO PREACHER?

I. THE PREACHER RELEASES HIM FROM HIS EMBRACE, WALKING OFF TOWARDS HIS STUDY. HE STOPS IN THE AISLE, HALFWAY BETWEEN THE BOY AND HIS SMALL OFFICE. HE BEGINS HIS SERMON . . .

D III. COME TO JESUS, COME TO JESUS, COME TO JESUS JUST NOW, JUST NOW,
III/II. COME TO JESUS, COME TO JESUS, JUST NOW . . .

I. THE PREACHER EXTENDS HIS HAND, BECKONING THE BOY TO JOIN HIM IN THE TINY OFFICE. HIS HAND EXTENDS THROUGH THE BOY'S CHEST, CARESSING HIS HEART. THE BLOOD PUMPS FASTER AND FASTER, IT BEATS LOUDER AND LOUDER, UNTIL IT IS THE ONLY SOUND HE HEARS. WALKING TOWARDS THE PREACHER, BEING DRAWN IN, CLOSER, CLOSER, HE KEEPS MOVING TOWARDS HIM. HIS FACE IS ON FIRE, HIS BODY IS AFLAME AND HE KEEPS MOVING, MOVING, FOLLOWING THE VOICE OF THE PREACHER.

HUM { THE PREACHER LEAVES THE DOOR OPEN; INSTINCTIVELY THE BOY CLOSES IT AS HE ENTERS THE TINY OFFICE. HE STANDS FACING THE PREACHER, WHO IS SITTING IN AN OLD WOODEN OFFICE CHAIR. THE CHAIR IS TURNED SIDEWAYS SO THAT THEIR EYES MEET EVENLY.

III. FOLLOW ME, AND I WILL MAKE YOU FISHERS OF MEN, THUS SAID THE LORD. YOU ARE A YOUNG MAN, ARE YOU NOT?

II. YES PREACHER.

III. AND THE LORD HATH MADE ME THE FISHER OF MEN. I CAST OUT MY NET INTO THE SEA OF DESPAIR, AND YOUR SPIRIT I HAVE CAUGHT. WORRY NOT.

II. YES PREACHER.

III. BLESSED ARE THE POOR IN SPIRIT, FOR THEIRS IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN. BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN, FOR THEY SHALL BE COMFORTED. YOU HAVE BEEN MOURNING, HAVE YOU NOT MY CHILD?

II. YES PREACHER.

III. AND I SHALL COMFORT YOU.

III. ONLY TRUST HIM, ONLY TRUST HIM, ONLY TRUST HIM, JUST NOW, JUST NOW
III/II. ONLY TRUST HIM, ONLY TRUST HIM, ONLY TRUST HIM, JUST NOW, JUST NOW

Hum

I. HE LOOSENS THE BELT THAT HOLDS THE OVERSIZED JEANS WELL BELOW THE BOY'S WAIST. HIS PANTS HIT THE FLOOR WITH A LOUD THUD CAUSED BY THE LARGE BRASS BUCKLE ON HIS BELT. HE PULLS HIS BOXERS DOWN SLOWLY, WITH NERVOUS, NERVOUS ANTICIPATION. HE WIPES HIS FOREHEAD, SWEAT POURING PROFUSELY FROM HIS BROW, NOT ABLE TO CONTAIN HIS UTTER DELIGHT AT THE SIZE OF THE FLESH THAT SWINGS GINGERLY BETWEEN THE BOY'S LEGS.

III. THANK YOU, THANK YOU, FATHER! BLESSED ARE THEY WHICH DO HUNGER AND THIRST AFTER RIGHTEOUSNESS, FOR THEY SHALL BE FILLED.

I. HE TAKES THE BOY'S DICK INTO HIS MOUTH, HIS NOSTRILS FILLED WITH THE SWEET SMELL OF PRE-CUM, HIS THROAT FILLED WITH FLESH. HE WORSHIPS THE YOUNG, TENDER FLESH FOR WHAT SEEMS LIKE HOURS, DRUNK WITH LUST AND UNAWARE OF TIME. BUT IS ONLY MINUTES BEFORE THE BOY IS SHOOTING HIS FIRST LOAD DOWN THE PREACHERS THROAT. HE GRABS THE BOY'S BUNS PULLING HIM IN FURTHER. THE BOY SCREAMS!

II. YES, YES, THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD I SHALL NOT WANT! I SHALL NOT WANT! MY CUP, MY CUP, MY CUP, RUNNETH OVER . . .

moan

I. HE SWALLOWS WILDLY TRYING TO AVOID CHOKING OR BEING STRANGLED BY THE BOY'S ERRATIC AND VIOLENT REACTION TO THIS NEW SENSATION. THE PREACHER TURNS THE BOY AROUND, FALLING FROM HIS CHAIR ON HIS KNEES TO PRAY AT THIS ALTAR THAT IS THE BOY'S BODY. HE PULLS THE BOY'S SHIRT UP TO GET A FULL VIEW OF HIS WELL-MUSCLED ASS CHEEKS. THE BOY SHOWS HIS GRATITUDE AND EXCITEMENT BY GRABBING THE SHIRT HALFWAY UP HIS BACK AND SNATCHING IT OFF. BEFORE HE CAN GET THE SHIRT COMPLETELY OVER HIS HEAD HE FEELS THE WARM SENSATION OF THE PREACHERS TONGUE SLIP UP HIS ASS AS HANDS PULL HIS CHEEKS APART. THE ONLY WORD THAT DOES NOT LEAVE HIS LIPS IS "STOP." AS THE SHIRT IS DISCARDED, THE PREACHER CONTINUES HIS PRAYER BETWEEN THE BOY'S ASS, WORSHIPPING WITH VIGOR, PRESSING HIS FACE DEEPER INTO THE VOLCANIC INSIDES OF THE BOY'S BODY, MASSAGING HIS ANAL WALLS WITH AS MUCH OF HIS TONGUE AS THE BOY'S *NEARLY* VIRGIN ASS WILL ALLOW IN. THE BOY'S BODY RACKS WITH CONVULSIONS AS HE COMES VIOLENTLY FOR THE SECOND TIME. THE PREACHER FALLS ON THE FLOOR AND CRAWLS BETWEEN THE BOY'S LEGS, LYING ON HIS BACK, OFFERING HIMSELF LIKE A SACRIFICE.

III. CUM TO JESUS, CUM TO JESUS, CUM TO JESUS, SHOWER ME WITH BLESSINGS, YES, YES MY CHILD. RAIN DOWN ON ME.

I. A STEADY, HEAVY, STREAM OF HOT CUM BATHES THE HAIRY CHEST OF THE NOW NEARLY NUDE PREACHER. HE RUBS IT INTO HIS UNDERARMS, THE SHINY DOME OF HIS HEAD, THE WOOLLY RUG ON HIS CHEST. AND FINALLY, HE REACHES DOWN AND UNZIPS HIS PANTS AND MASSAGES THE SHAFT OF HIS PENIS WITH ONE HAND WHILE PINCHING

II. I PUT MY TRUST IN YOU.

I. HIS EYES MEET THE PREACHER'S WITH DEFIANCE.

III. HEAR MY PRAYER O GOD; GIVE EAR TO THE WORDS OF MY MOUTH.

II. I WAS WEARY, WANT AND IN NEED OF REST, YOU LET ME LAY MY HEAD UPON YOUR BREAST. I AM YOURS, FOR NOW AND UNTIL THEN.

III. BLESS YOU MY CHILD, I MEANT YOU NO HARM.

II. YET YOU GAVE ME RELEASE FROM MY PAIN FOR YOUR OWN SATISFACTION AND MOCKED MINE.

III. FORGIVE ME MY CHILD, FOR I HAVE SINNED.

II. TELL ME PREACHER:

II/III. IF YOU HAD SHOWERED ME WITH YOUR BLOOD INSTEAD OF YOUR SEED,

I. WOULD WE BE FREE, OF OUR, SINS THEN?

Woman Nikki Giovanni
For Each of You - Audre Lorde
EACH ONE, Pull One - alice Walker

BREAK

EACH ONE , PULL ONE

(Thinking of Lorraine Hansberry)

Malik
We must say it all, and as clearly
as we can. For even before we are dead,
they are busy
trying to bury us

Tony ***Duncan*** ***Malik***
Were we black? Were we women? Were we gay?
Duncan ***Tony***
Were we the wrong shade of black? Were we yellow?
Malik
Did we, God forbid, love the wrong person, country
or politics?
Duncan
Were we Agnes Smedley or John Brown?

Tony
But, most of all, did we write exactly what we saw,
as clearly as we could? Were we unsophisticated
enough to cry *and* scream?

Malik
Well, then, they will fill our eyes,
our ears, our noses and our mouths
with the mud
of oblivion.
Duncan
They will chew up
our fingers in the night. They will pick
their teeth with our pens.
Tony
They will sabotage both our children
The Muse
and our art

Duncan
Because when we show what we see,
Malik
they will discern the inevitable:
Tony
We do not worship them.

Tony
We do not worship them
Duncan
We do not worship what they have made.
Malik
We do not trust them.

Tony
We do not believe what they say.
Duncan
We do not love their efficiency.
Malik
Or their power plants.
Tony
We do not love their factories.
Malik
Or their smog.
Duncan
We do not love their television programs.
Malik
Or their radioactive leaks.
Tony
We find their papers boring.
Malik
We do not worship their cars.
Duncan
We do not worship their blondes.
Tony
We do not envy their penises.

Tony, Duncan, Malik
We do not think much
of their renaissance.
Duncan

We are indifferent to England.

Tony
We have grave doubts about their brains.

Duncan
In short,
Tony, Duncan, Malik.
we who write, paint, sculpt, dance
or sing
share the intelligence and thus the fate
of all our people
in this land.
Malik
We are not different from them,
Tony
neither above nor below,
Duncan
outside nor inside.
Tony, Duncan, Malik.
We are the same.
Tony
And we do not worship them.

Tony
We do not worship them.
Malik

We do not worship their movies.
Duncan
We do not worship their songs.

Tony
We do not think their newscasts
cast the news.
Malik
We do not admire their president.
We know why the white House is white.

Tony
We do not find their children irresistible;

Tony, ***Duncan,*** ***Malik.***
We do not agree they should inherit the earth.

Duncan
But lately you have begun to help them
bury us. You who said:
Malik
King was just a womanizer;
Malcom, just a thug; Sojourner, folksy; Hansberry,
a traitor (or whore, depending); Fannie Lou Hamer,
merely spunky;
Tony
Zora Hurston, Nella Larsen, Toomer:

reactionary, brainwashed, spoiled by white folks, minor;
Duncan
Agnes Smedly a spy.

Tony, ***Duncan,*** ***Malik.***
Each one must pull one.

Malik
Look, I, temporarily on the rim
of the grave,
have grasped my mother's hand
my father's leg.
Duncan
There is the hand of Paul Robeson
Langston's thigh
Zora's arm and hair
your grandfather's lifted chin
Tony
the lynched woman's elbow
what you've tried to forget
of your grandmother's frown.

Tony, ***Duncan,*** ***Malik.***
Each one, pull one back into the sun

Duncan
We who have stood over

so many graves
Malik
know that no matter what *they* do
all of us must live

Tony,   ***Duncan,***   ***Malik.***
or none.

MALIK

Present

by Sonia Sanchez

1.

This woman vomiting her
hunger over the world
this melancholy woman forgotten
before memory came
this yellow movement bursting forth like
coltrane's melodies all mouth
buttocks moving like palm trees,
this honeycoloredalabamianwoman
raining rhythms of blue/black/smiles
this yellow woman carrying beneath her breasts
pleasures without tongues
this woman whose body weaves
desert patterns,
this woman, wet with wandering,
reviving the beauty of forests and winds
is telling you secrets
gather up your odors and listen
as she sings the mold from memory.

there is no place
for a soft/black/woman.
there is no smile green enough or
summertime words warm enough to allow my growth.
and in my head
i see my history
standing like a shy child
and i chant lullabies
as i ride my past on horseback
tasting the dust of yesterday tribes
hearing the ancient/black/woman
me, singing
hay-hay-hay-hay-ya-ya-ya.
hay-hay-hay-hay-ya-ha-ya.

like a slow scent
beneath the sun

TONY

and i dance my
creation and my grandmothers gathering
from my bones like great wooden birds
spread their wings
while their long/legged/laughter
stretches the night.
and i taste the
seasons of my birth. mangoes. papayas.
drink my woman/coconut/milks
stalk the ancient grandfathers
sipping on proud afternoons
walk like a song round my waist
tremble like a new/born/child troubled
with new breaths
and my singing
becomes the only sound of a
blue/black/magical/woman. walking.
womb ripe. walking. loud with mornings. walking.
making pilgrimage to herself. walking.

MAL

①

Revolutionary Dream

I keep thinking about all your intellectual shit
and remembering your lips
as you told me my theory was not enough

I respect your boundaries
your political space
but as I look into those dreams
where your eyes once were
sandalwood flows from my pussy
and we both drown in the silence

this revolution is not like all the others
there are no clear warrior marks
or reasons to keep on fighting
our battlegrounds are images
we are afraid to see
because we have reps
cool
unmoving
hip
reps of being dykes and doctors

I shout cause that's a colored thing I do

I know you like it
cause you looked me right in my eyes
and touched that middle part
that African proverbial part of me
and
I
stop
to sip my chardonnay from my coffee cup
and swallow your demons

tonight is a night to fight
for what we believe is ours
tonight is a night to run naked
in the streets of Harlem

cause we breaking rules baby

then somewhere between my rhetoric
and your hot stuff
I start doing that colored shouting thing
I do

and it starts all over again

more why's than why nots
more actions than we know
how to put words to
you get me going and won't let me stop
cause you believe in my stone-floor
cold-weather dreams
and I believe in you
only this time
this dream ain't about nothing but our desires
our primitive theories and revelations

we both enjoy the hunt

I felt it when you wrapped those
sun moistened lips
around my nipples and kissed me
goodnight

you can't fool me baby
I am your revolutionary dream

For Each
of You

↓ ↓ ↓

Audre Lorde

A POEM FOR ED AND ARCHIE

I dreamed of you last night
standing near the Drugstore on the St.-Germain-des-Prés
You popped out of the pastry shop
wiping some exotic créme from your lips
showing off your new cigarette holder
"Got one yet?"
and your smile lit up the city of lights
Southern men cannot be generalized about
I know you all as liars and lynchers
I have accepted the myth that though you may wear a suit
beneath it the blood runs hot
and your hair   so similar to those whom Darwin said were
  all our ancestors   mats against your heaving chest
It's unpatriotic not to smoke tobacco
we both agreed   at least in North Carolina
and poor Ed   who will some day be a great man
just sat there confused

without laughter what is the purpose
my ancestors once worked for yours
involuntarily
and I laugh because it is only what happened
not nearly the truth .

I've seen Paris and you've seen me
and last night in my dream
we both smiled

WOMAN

she wanted to be a blade
of grass amid the fields
but he wouldn't agree
to be the dandelion

she wanted to be a robin singing
through the leaves
but he refused to be
her tree

she spun herself into a web
and   looking for a place to rest
turned to him
but he stood straight
declining to be her corner

she tried to be a book
but he wouldn't read

she turned herself into a bulb
but he wouldn't let her grow

she decided to become
a woman
and though he still refused
to be a man
she decided it was all
right

I Have Come Into The City

Sonya Sanchez

i had come into the city carrying life in my eyes
amid rumors of death
calling out to everyone who would listen
it is time to move us all into another century
time for freedom and racial and sexual
justice
time for women and children and men , time
for hands unbound
i had come into the city wearing peaceful breast
and the spaces between us smiled ,
i had come into the city carrying life in my eyes
i had come into the city carrying life in my eyes

and they followed us in their cars with their computers
and their tongues crawled with caterpillars
and they bumped us off the road, turned over our cars,
and they bombed our building, killed our babies,
and they slaughtered our doctors
maintaining our bodies
and their courts changed into confessionals
but we kept on organizing we kept on
teaching believing
loving doing what was holy moving to a
higher ground
even though our hands were full of
slaughtered truth
but we had our eyes delirious with grace
but we had our eyes delirious with grace

come, i say come, you sitting still in domestic bacteria
come, i say come, you standing still in double
breasted mornings
come, i say come, and return to the fight
this fight for the earth
this fight for our children

TONY

I AM THIRSTY FOR MY PAST
A Prayer for the Ancestors

by Sabrina Sojourner

I am thirsty for my past…
It is not the one you know
It is my way past — our way past
A time when we did not fear one another

I am thirsty for my past
A time when people knew the secrets
the wind whispered to the waters as echoed
by the trees and held by the rocks
A time when we loved easily

I am thirsty for my past
For the rituals of our peoples
Affirming Life
Creating Family
Celebrating Community

I am thirsty for my past
For the time when we sang to reach
the far corners of the world
We were not strangers then
We saw each other as cousins

I am thirsty for a past in which we
Knew we were connected
We celebrated each others gods
Appreciated each others crafts
We traded rituals, stories and more

I am thirsty for our past
For the times we understood the magic of technology
and the science of nature
And they were one

I am thirsty for our past
For the collective memories braided into our souls
For the lessons quilted into the collective consciousness
For the time when these values wove a bright future

I thirst for my past
and only when these values again find life
in the hearts of all our peoples
will my thirst be quenched

The pain of the fir
the first t
A faded memory fogged

It's in the blood
the old folks whis
It's in the blood
That pain's passed from
the old folks say

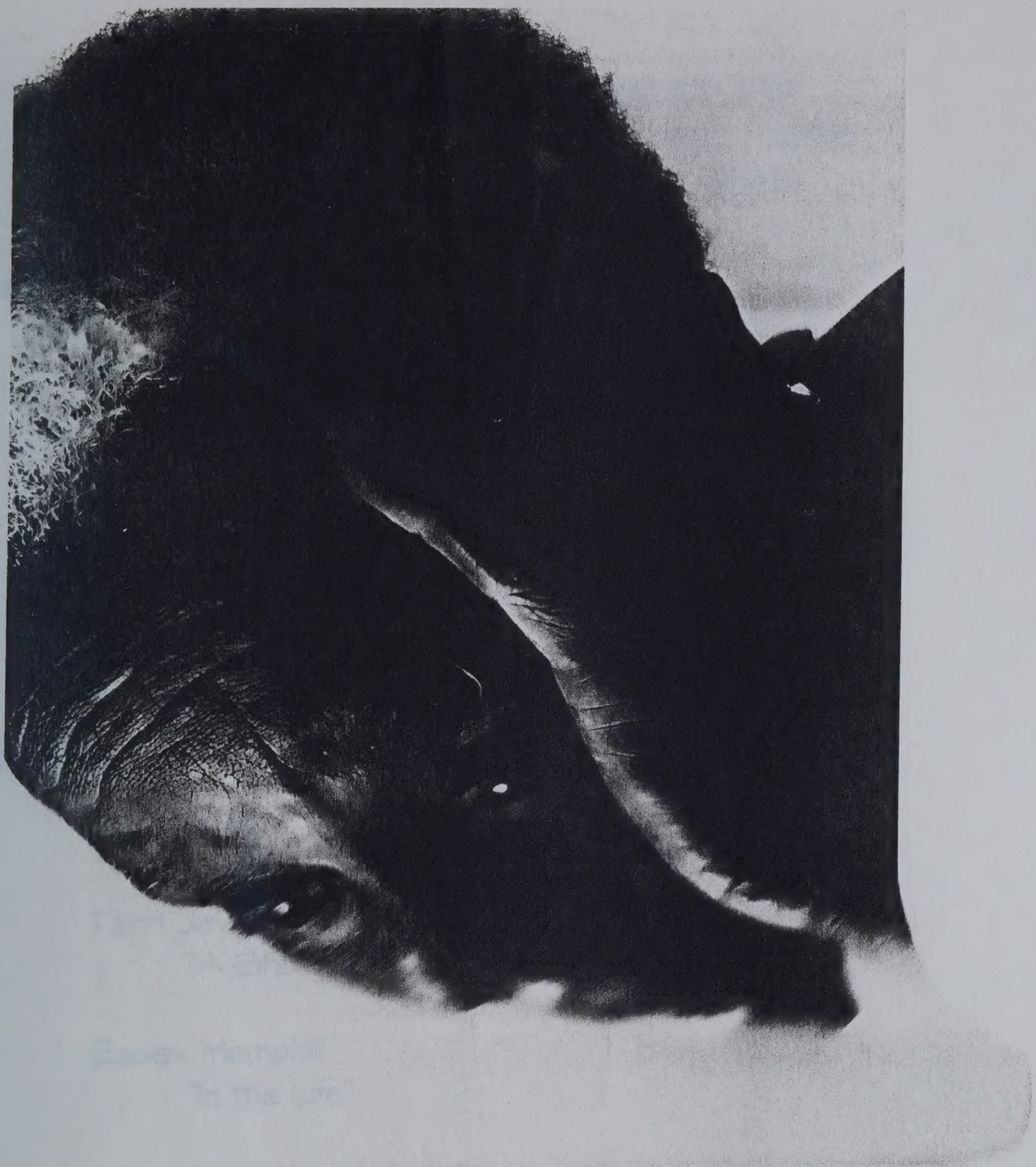
The specifics appear as
written in black on white
distorting the angst behi
the facts of

The pain of the firs
the first t
Away from the Mother
A faded memory whose
A foggy ghost whose bro

It's in the ovum
the old women sa
eyes welling as th
It's in the ovum
That pain's passed from
the old women sa
shaking their hea
eyes moving agai
seeking to raise a choru
seeking to raise the men

the first r
the first t
Away from the Mother
Never knowing the Fathe
Only the searing
and not the why
Only the shredding
and not the why

It's in the sperm
the old men say



TOUCHIN' THE STUMP
CHARIS BOOKS AND MORE
FEBRUARY 26, 1998

Section I

Melvin Dixon
"Voodoo Mambo: To the Tourists"

Essex Hemphill
"Cordon Negro"

Marlon Riggs
"Tongues Untied"

Section II

Pat Parker

Terri Jewell
"A Short Account of My Behavior"

Essex Hemphill
"In the Life"

Audre Lourde
"For Each of You"
"Between Ourselves"

Section III

Assoto Saint
"A Lover's Diary"

Essex Hemphill
"The Occupied Territories"

Joseph Beam
"Brother to Brother: Words from the Heart"

AUDRE LORDE
(1934-92)

Published ten(10)volumes of poetry and five(5) works of prose. She was a recipient of many distinguished honors and awards, including the Honary Doctorate of Literature, Hunter College (1991): Walt Whitman Citation of Merit (1991) Honorary Doctorate of Letters, OBerlin College (1990) Honoray Doctors of Humane Letters, Haverford College (1989): and the Manhattan Borough President's Award for Excellence in the Arts (1988).

SHe was also named the
New York State Poet (1991-1993).

APRIL-OCT

ESSEX HEMPHILL (1957-1995)

IS A WRITER, POET, and CULTURAL ACTIVIST. He is WELL known through his participation IN the BLACK gay films Looking for LANgston, Out of the Shadows, and Tounges Untied, which aired on PBS in the summer of 1991.

He is the editor of Brother to Brother: New Writings by BLACK Gay MEN and the author of two books of poetry, EArth Life and Conditions. He lives in Philadelphia.

PAT PARKER (1944-89)

BLACK lesbian poet, feminist medicAL administRAtoR, mother of two daughters, lover of women, softball devotee, and generaL progressive troublemAker, died of breast cancer on June 17, 1989, at the age of forty-five.

Tony

VOODOO MAMBO: TO THE TOURISTS

Sifting flour onto the ground
I draw their signs from memory.
It's been done before. You want
to recognize my prayer: *Gods,*
loa, ancestral guests
we salute you. First with water,
then rum, then fire.

Listen well. Those sounds
crowding the night are gods
crossing the seas, reaching me.
Watch those shadows lift into music.
You want me to dance as easily
or sing? Do not expect me to smile.
I am not who you think I am.

Do you think you can pay to know
what I know? The soul travels quickly
from a body touched by drums.
Shadows burn and the breath
stands still outside. And outside myself
I see myself dancing, the dove limp
in my grip until its head
drops free.

I circle, and I circle again
through blood and rum and limbs
no longer mine, nor this voice
of steel and drums crying:
my body drinks like empty
riverbeds I remember crossing.

Maybe I am Erzilie, that man
Ogoun-~~Feraille~~, and others Agwé,
Baron Samedi, Damballah, Legba.
Our dozen feet rake back into the soil
what could have come alive
had we really given up ourselves
to pigeon blood, or wood coals on flesh.

For you we call out any names
but the real ones. Perhaps.
This is how the gods become us.

for Catuxo Badillo,
Port-au-Prince, Haiti

Cordon Negro

Essex Hemphill

D I drink champagne early in the morning
instead of leaving my house
with an M16 and nowhere to go.

M I die twice as fast
as any other American
between eighteen and thirty-five.
This disturbs me,
but I try not to show it in public.

T Each morning I open my eyes is a miracle.
The blessing of opening them
is temporary on any given day.
M I could be taken out'
T I could go off,
D I could forget to be careful.
T Even my brothers, hunted, hunt me.
I'm the only one who values my life
and sometimes I don't give a damn.

M My love life can kill me.
I'm faced daily with choosing violence
or a demeanor that saves every other life
but my own.

D I won't cross over.
It's time someone came to me
not to patronize me physically'
sexually or humorously.

T I'm sick of being an endangered species,

sick of being a goddamn statistic.
So what are my choices?

M I could leave with no intention
of coming home tonight,
T go crazy downtown n and raise hell
on a rooftop with my rifle.
D I could live for a brief moment
on the six o'clock news,
M or masquerade another day
through the corridors of commerce
and American dreams.

D I'm dying twice as fast
as any other American.
So I pour myself a glass of champagne,
I cut it with a drop of organs juice.

T After I swallow my liquid Valium,
my private celebration
for being alive this morning,
D I leave my shelter,
I guard my life with no apologies.
M My concerns are small
and personal.

MARLON RIGGS

Tongues untied

I'd heard my calling by age 6.
We had a word for boys like me.
T (Punk)
Punk not because I played sex with other boys —
everybody on the block did that.
T (Punk)
But because I didn't mind giving it away.
T (Punk)
Other boys traded — "You can have my booty
if you gimme yours" —
but I gave it up,
free,
T (Punk)

At age 11 we moved to Georgia.
I graduated to new knowledge.
M (Homo)
"Don't you know how to kiss?"
my new best friend asked,
M (Homo)
shocked, I didn't know what to do with a girl
when I "lost" at spin the bottle.
M (Homo)
"No." I answered.
"I'll show you how," he said,
his brown eyes inviting.
M (Homo)

We practiced kissing for weeks,
dry, wet, French.
M (Homo)
'Til his older brother called us a name.
M (Homo)
"What's a 'homo'?" I asked.
"Punk, faggot, freak."
I understood.
We stopped kissing.
Best friend became
worst enemy.

T (Muthafuckin coon)
Age 12, they bused me to Hepzibah Junior High
on the outskirts of Augusta.
T (Muthafuckin coon)
A spray-painted sign greeted me on the wall.
M (Niggers Go Home)
T (Muthafuckin coon)
Rednecks hated me
because I was one of only two blacks
placed in 8A, the class for Hepzibah's
best and brightest.
(Muthafuckin Coon Nigger Go Home)

The blacks hated me
because they assumed my class status made me uppity,
assumed my silence as superiority.
T (Uncle Tom)
I was shy.
T (Uncle Tom Muthafuckin Coon)
I was confused.
(Uncle Tom Muthafuckin Coon Nigger Go Home)
I was afraid and alone.

(Uncle Tom Muthafuckin Coon Punk
Faggot Freak Nigger Go Home)

M Cornered
by identities I never wanted to claim,
I ran.
Fast.
Hard
Deep
inside myself

where it was still.
Silent.
Safe:

T Deception.

II

D A whiteboy came to my rescue.
Beckoned with gray/green eyes, a soft Tennessee drawl.
Seduced me out of my adolescent silence.

T He called me friend.
D I fell in love.
D T We never touched, never kissed,
but he left his imprint.
T D What a blessing
his immaculate seduction.
T To feel the beat of life,
to trust passion again.
D What a joy.
D That it should come from a whiteboy
with gray/green eyes,
T what a curse.

III

D In California,
I learned the touch and taste of snow.
Cruising whiteboys, I played out
adolescent dreams deferred.
Patterns of black upon white upon black upon white
mesmerized me. I focused hard, concentrated deep.

M Maybe from time to time
a brother glanced my way.
D I never noticed.
M I was immersed in vanilla.
I savored this single flavor,
D one deliberately not my own.

D I avoided the question, why?

M Pretended not to notice
the absence of black images

M in this new gay life,
in bookstores
poster shops
film festivals,
D my own fantasies.

M Tried not to notice
the few images of blacks
that were most popular:
D joke
fetish
cartoon caricature
or disco diva adored
from a distance.

D M
M Something in Oz, in me, was amiss,
D but I tried not to notice.

D I was intent on the search
for love, affirmation, my reflection
in eyes of blue, gray, green.

T Searching, I found something I didn't expect,
something decades of determined assimilation
could not blind me to:

T In this great gay mecca,
D I was an invisible man, still
I had no shadow, no substance. T
No history, no place.
D No reflection.

D
T I was an alien, unseen, and seen, unwanted.
T Here, as in Hepzibah,
D I was a nigga, still.

D I quit the Castro
no longer my home, my mecca
T (never was, in fact),
D and went in search of something better.

IV

D In search of self
I listened

D to the beat of my heart,
to rhythms muffled
beneath layers
of delusion, pain,
alienation, silence.

M The beat was my salvation.

D I let this primal pulse lead me
past broken dreams, solitude
and fragments of identity
to a new place, a home
not of peace, harmony and sunshine.

T No.
M But truth.

D Simple, shameless, brazen truth.

PAUSE

V

D And even still,
I follow this beat,
move to the primal pulse,
M though lately I've lived with another rhythm.
At first, I thought just time passing.
T But I discovered a time bomb
ticking in my blood.

M Friends, faces D disappear.

M/T I watch.
D/T I wait.
D/M I listen
D for my own
quiet
implosion.

T But while I wait,
M older, stronger rhythms / D resonate within me,
T sustain my spirit, silence the clock. — D/M
D — Rhythms of blood, culture, — T
M — history, and race. — D

D Whatever awaits me,
this much I know:

ALL I was blind to my brother's beauty/my own
D but now I see.
ALL Deaf to the voice that believed
we were worth wanting/loving
each other.
D Now I hear.
I was mute,
tongue-tied,
ALL burdened by shadows and silence.
D Now I speak
ALL and my burden is lightened
T/D lifted
D free.

D
T
M

For The Straight Folks Who Don't Mind Gays But Wish They Weren't So BLATANT

All

T you know some people
got a lot of nerve.
D sometimes, i don't believe
the things i see and hear.

T Have you met the woman
who's shocked by 2 women kissing
& in the same breath,
tells you that she's pregnant?
M/D BUT GAYS SHOULDN'T BE BLATANT.

M Or this straight couple
sits next to you in a movie
& you can't hear the dialogue
Cause of the sound effects.
T/D BUT GAYS SHOULDN'T BE BLATANT.

D And the woman in your office
Spends your entire lunch hour
talking about her new bikini drawers
& how much her husband likes them.
T/M BUT GAYS SHOULDN'T BE BLATANT.

T Or the "hip" chick in your class,
rattling a mile a minute –
while you're trying to get stoned
in the john
about the camping trip she took
with her musician boyfriend.
M/D BUT GAYS SHOULDN'T BE BLATANT.

I

D You go in a public bathroom
And all over the walls
there's John loves Mary,
Janice digs Richard,
Pepe loves Delores, etc. etc.
T/M BUT GAYS SHOULDN'T BE BLATANT.

T Or you go to an amusement park
& there's a tunnel of love
& pictures of straights
painted on the front
& grinning couples
coming in and out.
M/D BUT GAYS SHOULDN'T BE BLATANT.

M. Fact is, blatant heterosexuals
are all over the place.
Supermarkets, movies, DJ/B Roll call
in church, in books, on television
D every day and night, every Place
All even in gay bars.
M. & they want gay men & women
to go hide in the closets —

T So to you straight folks
i say — ~~Sure, i'll go~~
~~if you go too~~,
~~but i'm polite~~ —
~~so — after you~~.

D - Sure i'll go if you go too
M. - but i'm polite
All - after you.

Pat Parker

Fuller Brush Day

Here you are, lady,
a year's supply of room spray,
& I watch myself
walking down
my hall,
spraying for a year.
Spraying for a year,
spray here - spray there
walking down my hall
spraying room spray,
An artificial forest
wiping out city smells.
Artificial forest,
minus birds
minus squirrels,
minus dew
minus--
spraying for a year.

If you run out before
a year's time
we'll give you another bottle
Another bottle
a full
definite
permanent year's bottle

permanent year
365 ¼ days
no time given
to holidays
one year,
spray for a year
phony forest
for a year
forest in my kitchen
forest in my toilet
forest in my cat box
a full time-
real life forest
smelling type year.
walking down my halls
spraying for a year
365 ¼ days
of spray
spray
spray
& I bought it.

Pat Parker

U

Old Southern Lady from ATLanta

~~B~~M i have a dream
T no -
not Martin's
though my feet moved
down many paths.
M/~~B~~/T it's a simple dream -

~~B~~M i have a dream
~~A~~D not the dream of the vanguard
not to turn this world -
all over
~~B~~M not the dream of the masses -
T not the dream of women
(h) ~~A~~D not to turn this world
all
over
~~B~~M it's a simple dream -

In my dream -
~~A~~D i can walk the streets
holding hands with my lover

~~B~~M In my dream -
i can go to a hamburger stand
& not be taunted by bikers on a holiday.

~~B~~M
T In my dream -
i can go to a public bathroom,
& not be shrieked at by ladies -

~~B~~M In my dream -
i can walk ghetto streets
(f) & not be beaten up by my brothers.

~~B~~M In my dream -
~~A~~D i can walk out of a bar
& not be arrested by the pigs

T I've placed this body
~~A~~D placed this mind
~~B~~M in lots of dreams -
~~A~~D
T in Martin's & Malcolm's -
in Huey's & Mao's - M
~~B~~M in George's & Angela's -
~~A~~D
T in the north & south
of Vietnam & America
& Africa

T i've placed this body & mind
in dreams -
All dreams of people - PAUSE

T now i'm tired - PAUSE
T/M/D now you listen! LOUD
i have a dream too.
it's a simple dream.

Pat

A Short Account of My Behavior

by Terri Jewell

M My mother once asked me if I had a death wish.

T "As if being a female and black aren't enough trouble enough for you, girl.

D "Now you are talking about dropping out of college? Your father and I have sacrificed a lot to get you into college.

T "I couldn't tell you how long I had out go without a winter coat to put food on the table every day.

D "And you were the Number One student at your high school. Everyone had such dreams for you and now you want to disappoint them.

T "You're going to end up like the others out there with no job or hope for a good life.

D "What on earth has gotten into you?

T "Well, girl, you might as well forget whatever nonsense you think you're going to do.

D/T "I'M NOT GOING TO ALLOW THAT."

M So, I transferred from a university in Kentucky to a small state college in New Jersey to complete the four-year program in what ended up being six years. Then, my mother asked me why I bothered to visit home during vacations.

D “As if wearing those thick glasses and cutting your hair down to the nub isn’t asking for tribulation, girl. Now you’re getting fatter and fatter. Donut you care about how you look? Donut you have any pride in yourself? Well, let me tell you something, young lady. You just come back home during your next vacation and I guarantee you will lose some of the weight. And you WILL stay on the diet I put you on. And we will look into getting you some contact lenses. You will look so much better. You have to suffer sometimes to be pretty. You won't regret looking the best you can look. The way you look now, no man will want to be seen with you.”

M I did not go home during vacation. I got a job and my own apartment. Later, my mother responded to a letter I had written her.

T “As if being fat, black, and a young woman alone isn’t dangerous and hell enough. Now you’re not shaving under your arms and you say you’re a DYKE? My God. Have you gone crazy? Do you hate me that much? I have done nothing but love you, have given you everything you could possibly want, and look how you repay me. Donut you understand where you are? You’re not some little white girl who can get away with this. They can play all they want because they don’t have the struggle you have in life. They will KILL you just for being alive. You are just begging for death now. You better listen to me, young woman, and find some professional help.”

M So, I got a white woman psychologist who told me she didn’t understand the multiple conflicts I was experiencing with having to speak and act white sometimes. A black woman told me she was primarily a child psychologist who felt that homosexuality was a

pathological state. She told me that in all cases such as mine, there was a substance abuse problem in my family. I told her no, that I wanted to see her work through the guilt I felt over my grandmother's death and that I just happened to have a WOMAN as a lover who was supportive as she could be. Next, I went to a white man psychotherapist who told me to find a boyfriend, get laid and stop worrying about my small problems. I was simply too self-centered and too fat. After all that an East Indian psychiatrist told me that the only thing he could do was to prescribe antidepressants. I advised that that would not be a good idea.

Yet, my mother thought I had not tried hard enough to solve my dilemma.

T "As if being a crazy bulldagger is not bad enough for you. I can't have you as MY daughter. I am so ashamed of you, I can't mention your name to the women at work who are always talking about their daughters. And you just HAD to get a WHITE woman. Going around hugging and kissing the ENEMY. White women get the best of the black men and now they are getting the best of the black women. You are sicker than I care to think about. And you are killing your father, you know that? He doesn't say anything because it hurts him so. You know how hard it is for him to talk about his real feelings. He leaves it up to me to tell you what he feels. I'd rather see you lay down with a dog than lose what's left of your dignity to some white trash heifer. Get out of my sight. And since you know it all, don't bother to ask me for anything since you think you're so GROWN now."

M I moved in with my lover, and we grew together. Still, my mother called and told me shortly afterwards,

D "You just don't care anymore, do you? Are you trying to kill me?

How did I fail you? I did the best I could. I had no lessons on how to be a good parent . You may as well blow your brains out. The effect will be the same as what you are doing with your life nowadays. You will never have a decent career. No one will want to hire a Lesbian. Word gets out, you know. You won't have any decent friends. Just perverts who have to live in the very dirt they make for themselves, just like you're doing now. And you won't have any children of your own. Your father's bloodline will end in shame with you. He goes around now, talking about the grandson he'll never have that he wants so much. All that time in school for nothing. JUST LOOK AT YOU. DON'T YOU HAVE ANYTHING AT ALL TO SAY TO ME?"

M No, I didn't. But I did take a good, hard look at myself. And what I found in the mirror was a big, strong, employed, capable, intelligent, brown-skinned, nappy-headed, happy woman in love

and in glasses

who was living her life exactly as she pleased.

Solo

"Touchin the stomp"

the reading at Charis
In The Life
Essex Hemphill

Mother, do you know
I roam alone at night?
I wear colognes,
tight pants, and
chains of gold,
as I search
for men willing
to come back
to candlelight.

I'm not scared of these men
though some are killers
of sons like me. I learned
there is no tender mercy
for men of color,
for sons who love men
like me.

Do not fell shame for how I live.
I chose this tribe
of warriors and outlaws.
Do not feel you failed
some test of motherhood.
My life has borne fruit
no woman could have given me
anyway.

If one of these thick-lipped,

wet, black nights
while I’m out walking,
I find freedom in this village.
If I can take it with my tribe
I’ll bring you here.
And you will never notice
 the absence of rice
and bridesmaids.

Chari's
(2 voices
as well)

FOR EACH OF YOU
by Audre Lorde

the voice of
old men

T M Be who you are
M D and will be
D T learn to cherish
T that boisterous Black Angel
M that drives you up one day
D and down another
T protecting the place where your power rises
M running like hot blood
D from the same source as your pain.

T When you are hungry
learn to eat
whatever sustains you
until morning
but do not be misled by details
simply because you live them.

D Do not let your head deny
your hands
any memory of what passes through them

nor your eyes nor your heart
everything can be used
except what is wasteful
(you will need to remember this
when you are accused of destruction).

M Even when they are dangerous
examine the heart of those machines
which you hate
before you discard them
but do not mourn their lack of power
lest you be condemned
to relive them.

D (If . . .)
M (If . . .)
T If you do not learn to hate
D you will never be lonely enough
M to love easily
T nor will you always be brave
D/M although it does not grow any easier.

M/D (3x) Do not pretend to convenient beliefs
EVEN WHEN THEY ARE RIGHTEOUS

even when they are righteous
T you will never be able to defend your city
while shouting.

M Remember our sun
is not the most noteworthy star
only the nearest.

T Respect whatever pain you bring back
from your dreaming
but do not look for new gods
in the sea
nor in any part of a rainbow.

D Each time you love
love as deeply as if it were
forever
SIDE NOTE only nothing is
eternal.

ALL Speak proudly to your children /
where ever you may find them
M tell them WHISPER
~~ECHOE~~
TELL THEM

T you are the offspring of slaves
D (Tell them) ~~ECHOE~~ WHISPER
T ~~TELL~~ ~~THEM~~ ~~and~~ your mother was
a princess
in darkness.

(1970)

T For those of us who live at the shoreline
D standing upon the constant edges of decision
M crucial and alone
D for those of us who cannot indulge
the passing dreams of choice
M who love in doorways coming and going
in the hours D/M between dawns
looking inward / T/D/M and outward
at once before and after
M seeking a now that can breed
futures
D like bread in our children's mouths
so their dreams T will not reflect
ALL the death of ours;

M For those of us
who were imprinted with fear
D like a faint line in the center of our foreheads
T learning to be afraid with our mother's milk
T/N for by this weapon
this illusion of some safety to be found
ALL the heavy-footed hoped / to / silence us M
D For all of us
this instant / M and this triumph
ALL We were never meant to survive.

M And when the sun rises we are afraid
T it might not remain
M when the sun sets we are afraid
D it might not rise in the morning
M when our stomachs are full / ALL we are afraid
of indigestion
D when our stomachs are empty we are afraid
M we may never eat again
ALL when we are loved we are afraid
D love will vanish
ALL when we are alone we are afraid

T love will never return
ALL and when we speak/ we are afraid
D our words will not be heard
M nor welcomed
T but when we are silent
D/M we are still afraid.

M/T So it is better to speak/
remembering
ALL we were never meant to survive.

A Lover's Diary

monday, march 29, 1993

-01-
vigil on two chairs
i whisper "hey, good morning"
he doesn't respond
i watch his labored breathings
the headnurse suctions him up

~~-02-~~
~~"he's turned for the worse"~~
~~doctor mcmeeking mumbles~~
~~weeks, days, just can't tell~~
~~"hours" insists my mother~~
~~furious i escort her out~~

-03-
the oscars come on
the crying game stars don't win
hoping he can hear
i remind him he's my light
death rattles my scream for help

-04-
the nurse rushes in
mother returns with prayers
i cradle him close
pleading "stay, one more day, stay"
eleven twenty, he's gone

-05-
bathe him with my tears
parched lips thirst for a wet kiss
i stick my tongue deep
bitter taste of bloody phlegm
moans spat out i shut his eyes

tuesday, march 30, 1993

~~-06-~~
~~cool one a.m. mist~~
~~edge of christopher street piers~~
~~alone with questions~~
~~high tide waves whistle my name~~
~~in reflection, i stand still~~

-07-
call his three brothers
cold-heart swedes, they seldom called
our closest friends gasp
call american airlines
his supervisor's voice cracks

-08-
find that damn letter
life insurance company
as of april first
slashing benefits by half
ha, he died march twenty-ninth

-09-
"this casket" i tell
the funeral director
chuckling "best we got
a mahogany beauty
five grand"— mace says "go for it"

~~-10-~~
~~tears & sympathy~~
~~people ask what they can do~~
~~well-meaning cliches~~
~~under such circumstances~~
~~coping as best as i can~~

wednesday, march 31, 1993

-11-
oatmeal, toast & juice
once again i fix too much
sorrow sucks my breath
bits of spoonfuls i can't eat
nauseous, i rush to the sink

-12-
~~mail-room announcement~~
~~posted with a cute picture~~
~~jan u. holmgren died~~
~~memorial viewing hours~~
~~shrewd neighbors saw this coming~~

-13-
~~i pick out the plot~~
~~down a hill, it faces west~~
~~there's a bench nearby~~
~~akhenaton & i sit~~
~~the salesman shrugs his consent~~

-14-
"sweetheart, see you soon"
will read the ribbon that wraps
the spray i order
fifty-three new-red roses
one for each year of his life

-15-
"two thousand fifty"
an operator tells me
the death notice costs
all the news that's fit to print
don't come cheap in this city

---

thursday, april 1, 1993

-16-
wake up, sleepy head
this ain't no april fool joke
you're on overload
cool down with a long shower
your head's about to explode

-17-
~~last-minute tie-up~~
~~full flight, airline breaks promise~~
~~"two passes, that's it"~~
~~stranded in stockholm, only~~
~~one brother travels with his wife~~

-18-
account funds transferred
the bank manager calms down
brochures stacked in hand
she asks "what you plan to do
with that insurance money"

-19-
silk italian suit
flashy tie & keyboard scarf
shirt, shorts, belt, socks, shoes
the mortician gets them all
he swears he'll fix him up fine

-20-
~~printed the program~~
~~pedro did a superb job~~
~~jan would have been proud~~
~~read it over & over~~
~~then swallow three tylenols~~

friday, april 2, 1993

-21- /
blur of a headache
like some mad zombie i zoom
through lateness & sweat
wrapped in grand african garb
open up, streets, ground me in

-22- /
climb the parlor's stairs
request a private moment
i freeze at the door
stagger towards the body
kiss the cheeks, caress the hair

-23 -
artifacts of pride
swedish-american pin
a patch of rainbow
the act-up pink triangle
his leather cap, airline wings

-24 -
seven-hour wake
mother stands glued by my side
flight attendants flock
our kin, friends, & support group
sigh with relief "he looks good"

-25-
check from time to time
expecting him to arise
such a simple wish
amidst these wreaths & bouquets
he lies there in surreal peace

---

saturday, april 3, 1993

-26-
opening prayer
millieana, macieo, sheila
& hakan share thoughts
walter reads verse; willie sings
i, the control queen, emcee

-27- /
~~ninth avenue east~~
~~corner of twenty-second~~
~~below our terrace~~
~~where the gay flag flies defiant~~
~~the hearse & our limos pause~~

-28-
spring-shower drizzle
we huddle round the dug grave
flowers & farewells
eyes cloud while we hug to watch
the descending casket rest

-29-
hakan & i smile
smell each other out then talk
i show him the will
sole beneficiary, but
i promise to split proceeds

-30- /
~~at chic aquavit~~
~~fondly toast our love for him~~
~~memories flare back~~
~~i stare at that corner where~~
~~for his fiftieth, we dined~~

sunday, april 4, 1993

-31-
toss, twist, turn till dawn
t.v. keeps me company
cuddling the pillows
i slide to his side, dreaming
of his ass as i jerk off

-32-
radio gospel show
a choir belts out its soul
with amazing grace
i unpack his duffel bag
all items prized like relics

-33-
tracing back crossroads
soothed by cassettes of our songs
i roam chelsea streets
his voice guides my memory
to the corner where we met

-34-
this broken-fence pier
our favorite place besides home
same spot where we've curled
through twelve springs, summers, & falls
blessed in one another's arms

-35-
city in crisis
i sweep the view from the roof
"why am i alive"
shooting star, quick, make a wish
blurt it out "go away, aids"

No More Metaphors (Part One)

(Obituary printed in newspapers & memorial service program)

Jan Urban Holmgren, 53, died of AIDS at NYU Medical Center on March 29, 1993, in the arms of his life-partner Yves F. Lubin, also known as Assotto Saint.

Middle child of the late Gunda & Wolger Holmgren, Jan was born in Alno, Sweden, on April 25, 1939. He was also predeceased by his sister Berit Naslund.

After completing his tour of duty in the Swedish Army, his college education, & musical studies in Sweden, Jan left for the United States in 1965, looking for adventure.

A flight attendant for 25 years with American Airlines, Jan had won many professional awards. He traveled all over the world & was especially fond of Egypt.

Jan & Yves fell in love on November 9, 1980; the same week that the Reagan-Bush-SHIT government was first elected to the White House with its right-wing politics of greed, prejudice, & stupidity. As gay activists, they had both vowed never to succumb to AIDS during a Republican administration.

Soon after they met, they began their professional musical partnership. Jan composed the scores for their acclaimed theater pieces on gay black life, most notably *New Love Song, Risin' to the Love We Need*, & *Black Fag*. Their HI-NRG song "Forever Gay," was released on the CD/cassette *Feeding the Flame* by Flying Fish Records in 1990. A CD/cassette of some of their musical collaborations will be released next year.

Besides his life-partner, Jan is survived by his brothers Borje, Staffan, & Hakan Holmgren; his sisters-in-law: Anne-Marie, Gunhild, & Anne-Marie Holmgren; many nieces, nephews, & family members — all of Sweden; Yves' mother: Marie Lubin, & her family, who welcomed Jan as one of their own.

Jan also leaves behind, throughout the United States & Sweden, devoted longtime friends: Leif Ahlgren, Macieo Anderson, Millieana Boulton, Sheila Guertin, Hugo Person, Bruce Sokol, Frankie Tucker, & Aaron Woodruff; and many co-workers & friends who will always remember his sweet smile.

Join one million people on Jan's birthday, April 25, 1993, at the March on Washington for Lesbian, Gay & Bi Equal Rights & Liberation in Washington, D.C. Contact the National Office at 1012 14th Street, N.W., 7th Floor, Washington, D.C., 1-800-832-2889. A panel quilt in Jan's honor & memory will be delivered that day to the Names Project.

The Occupied Territories
Essex Hemphill

T You are not to touch yourself
In any way
or be familiar with ecstacy.
M You are not to touch
anyone of your own sex
or outside of your race
then talk about it,
D photograph it, write it down
In explicit details, or paint it
red, orange, blue or dance
T in honor of its power, dance
for its beauty, dance
because it's yours.

M You are not to touch other flesh
without a police permit.
D You have no privacy-
the state wants to seize your bed
and sleep with you.
T The state wants to control
your sexuality, your birth rate,
your passion.
D The message is clear:
your penis, your vagina,
T your testicles, your womb,
your anus, your orgasm,
ALL these belongs to the State.

D You are not to touch yourself
or be familiar with ecstacy.
M The erogenous zones are not demilitarized.

ANGER UNVENTED BECOMES
PAIN UNSPOKEN BECOMES
RAGE RELEASED BECOMES
VIOLENCE

Tony

~~rage released becomes violence~~.

~~Duncan~~

~~Use it to create a black gay community in which I can build my home surrounded by institutions that reflect and sustain me.~~

~~Malik~~

~~Concurrent with that vision is the necessity to repave the road home,~~

~~D/M~~

~~widening it,~~

~~Duncan~~

CHARIS

~~so I can return with all I have created to the home which~~ is ~~my birthright~~.

Tony

START

Silence is what I hear after the handshake and the slap of five;

Duncan

after the salutations:

T / M / D
what's happenin'/what's up/how you feel;

T / M / T
after our terms of endearment:/homeboy,/cuzz,

D / M / T / D
"girlfriend,"/blood,/running buddy,/and Miss Thing.

The Muse

I can hear the silence.

Duncan

When talking with a *"girlfriend,"* I am more likely to muse about my latest piece or so-and-so's party at Club She-She than about the anger and hurt I felt that morning when a jeweler refused me entrance to his store because

The Muse

I am Black and male,

Duncan

and we are all perceived as thieves.

Malik

I will swallow that hurt and should I speak of it, will vocalize only the anger, saying:

Tony

I have bust out his fuckin' windows!

Duncan

Some of the anger will be exorcized, but the hurt,

Malik

which has not been given voice, prevails and accumulates. Silence is a way to grin and bear it.

Duncan

A way not to acknowledge how much my life is discounted each day --

Tony

100% OFF ALL BLACK MEN TODAY -- EVERY DAY!

Malik

I strive to appear strong and silent.

Tony

I learned to ingest hatred at a geometric rate and to count *(silently) to 10 ... 10 thousand ... 10 million.*

(Duncan/Malik counting in background)

Duncan

But as I have learned to mute my cries of anguish,

Malik

so have I learned to squelch my exclamations of joy.

Tony

What remains is the rap.

M / M/D

Because of the silence among us,/each one of us,

Tony

as Black boys and men nurturing,

Malik

must begin the struggle to survive anew.

Duncan

With the incomplete knowledge of what has gone before, our struggles to endure and maintain, at best, save us only as individuals.

Collectively we falter and stumble,
covering up our experiences in limp aphorisms:

Malik

Times are hard!

Tony

Watch out for the Man!

Duncan

This is the depth of the sage advice we offer each other --

The Muse

at *arms length*.

Malik

We must begin to speak of our love and concern for each other as vigorously

Malik/Duncan

as we argue party politics

Malik

or the particular merits of an athletic team.

Tony

Black dreams are dashed as assuredly as Black dreamers are killed.

Malik

We are allowed to dream of being athletes,

Duncan

entertainers,

Tony

and lotto winners.

Malik

These are the dreams which have been dreamt for us to maintain us *just as we are*.

Tony

How little support there is,

Duncan

from one another or from society,

Malik

for dreams borne of personal conviction and desire.

The Muse

I dare myself to dream.

Duncan

I dare myself to dream of us moving from survival to potential, from merely getting by to a positive getting over.

Tony

I dream of Black men loving and supporting other Black men, and relieving Black women from the role of primary nurturers in our community.

Malik

I dream, too, that as we receive more of what we want from each other that our special anger reserved for Black women will disappear.

Tony

For too long have we expected from Black women that which we could only obtain from other men.

The Muse

I dare myself to dream.

Malik

I dream of a time when it is not Black men who fill the nation's prisons;

Duncan

when we will not seek solace in a bottle and Top papers;

Malik

and when the service is not the only viable alternative to high civilian unemployment.

Duncan

I dare myself to dream of a time when I will pass a group of brothers on the corner, and the words *"fuckin' faggot"* will not move the air around my ears; and when my gay brother approaches me on the street that *we can embrace* if we choose.

Tony

I dare *us* to dream that we are worth wanting each other.

The Muse

Black men loving Black men is the revolutionary act.

Tony

As Black men we were never meant to be together --

M/D / ALL

not as father and son,/brother and brother --

Malik

and certainly not as lovers.

Duncan

I dare us to dream that we are worth wanting each other

PAUSE

ALL Black men loving Black men is a call to action, an acknowledgment of responsibility.

M/D We take care of our own kind when the nights grow~~s~~ cold and silent.

M These days the nights are cold-blooded and the silence echoes with complicity.

WAITING IN The WINES
@ IDIGO ARTS GALLery Playhouse

I envision the show starting in the dark

"Before

Lights still out music starts softly
the muse starts with "We Were There"
the Libation and opening piece

The ADODI Muse:
A Gay Negro Ensemble
presents
"Waiting in the Wings"

Friday, February 27, 1998, 8:00 PM
Indigo Arts Gallery Playhouse

— Selections —

We Were There	Tony Daniels
And Cain Killed Abel	Tony Daniels
Brother to Brother: Words from the Heart	Joseph Beam
What of Bach	Duncan E. Teague
Love Lost	Deborah Michelle
Tell Momma I Love Her	Duncan E. Teague
Bad Likker	Duncan E. Teague
Am I the Only One	Kelly Morris
These Shoes/Journal Entry	Malik M.L. Williams
We Wear the Mask	Paul Lawrence Dunbar & The Muse
Get It & Feel Good	Ntozake Shange

Brother to Brother by Joseph Beam

(Contains excerpts from works by Audre Lourde,
James Baldwin, and Julie Blackwomon)

Tony
I know the anger that lies inside me
like I know the beat of my heart
and the taste of my spit.
It is easier to be angry than to hurt.
Malik
Anger is what I do best.
Tony
It is easier to be furious than to be yearning.
Easier to crucify myself in you
than to take on the threatening universe of whiteness
The Muse
by admitting that we are worth wanting each other.
Duncan
I , too , know anger.
My body contains as much anger as water.
It is the material from which I have built my house:
Tony
Blood red bricks that cry in the rain.
Malik
It is what pulls my tie and gold chains taut around my
neck

fills my TIMBERLANDS ~~penny loafer~~s and my Nikes
molds my TOMMYS ~~Calvin~~s and gray flannels to my torso.
It is the face and posture I show the world.
It is the way, sometimes the only way,
I am granted an audience.
It is sometimes the way I show affection.
The Muse
I am angry because of the treatment I am afforded as a Black man.
Duncan
That fiery anger is stoked additionally
with the fuels of contempt and despisal shown me by my community because I am gay.
The Muse
I cannot go home as who I am.
Malik
When I speak of home ,I mean not only the familial constellation from which I grew , but the entire Black community:
the Black press,
Duncan
the Black church,
Tony
Black academicians,
black literati, and the Black left.

The Muse

Where is my reflection?

Duncan

I am most often rendered invisible ,

Malik

perceived as a threat to the family,

Tony

or am tolerated if I am silent and inconspicuous.

The Muse

I cannot go home as who I am

Duncan

and that hurts me deeply.

Almost every morning I have coffee at the same doughnut shop. Almost every morning I encounter the same Black man who used to acknowledge me from across the counter. I can only surmise that it is my earrings and earcuffs that have tipped him off that I am gay. He no longer speaks, instead looks disdainfully through me as if I were glass.

Malik

But glass reflects, so I am not even that.

Duncan

He sees no part of himself in me

Tony

not my blackness nor my maleness.

The Muse (rounds)

“There’s nothing in me that is not in everyone else,/ and nothing in everyone else that’s not in me.”

Duncan

Should our glances meet, he is quick to use his Atlanta Journal as a shield while I wince and admire the brown of my coffee cup.

Duncan

I do not expect his approval -

Tony

only his acknowledgment.

Malik

The struggles of Black people are too perilous and too pervasive for us to dismiss one another in such cursory fashion, because of perceived differences.

Aren’t all hearts and fists and minds needed in this struggle

The Muse

or will this faggot be tossed into the fire?

Malik

In this very critical time everyone from the corner to the corporation is desperately needed.

Duncan

If you could put your newspaper aside for a moment, I think you, too , would remember that is has not always

been this way between us.

Tony

I remember.

Malik

I remember the times before different meant separate,

Tony

before different meant outsider.

Duncan

I remember Sunday school and backyard barbecues

Duncan/Tony

and picnics in the park and the Avenue

All

and parties in dimly lit basements and skateboards
fashioned from two -by -fours and b-ball

Tony

...... *I remember.*

Duncan

I also recall secretly playing jacks and jumping rope on the back porch, and the dreams I had when I spent the night at your house.

Tony

But that was before different meant anything at all,

Malik

certainly anything substantial.

Tony

That was prior to considerations such as

T / D
too light/too dark;
M / D
or good hair/ bad hair;
D / M / T
before college/army/jail
M / D
before working/ middle class;
D / M
before gay/straight.

Tony
But I am no longer content on the back porch;

Duncan
I want to, play with my jacks on the front porch.

Tony
There is no reason for me to hide.

Malik
Our differences should promote dialogue rather than erect new obstacles in our paths.

Tony
On another day:

Malik
I am walking down Peachtree/Castro/Christopher street on my way to work. A half block away, walking towards me, is

All

another *Black gay man.*

Malik

We have seen each other in the clubs.

Duncan/Malik

Side by side,

Malik

and at that precise moment that our eyes meet,

Duncan

he studies the intricate detail of a building.

Tony

I check my white sneakers for scuff marks.

Malik

What is it that we see in each others that makes us avert our eyes so quickly?

Duncan

Does he see the same thing in me that the brother in the doughnut shop sees?

Malik

Do we turn away from each other in order not to see our collective anger and sadness?

The Muse

It is my pain I see reflected in your eyes.

Tony

Our angers ricochet between us like the bullets we fire in battles which are not our own/nor with each other.

Duncan

The same angry face, donned for safety in the white world, is the same expression I bring you.

Malik

I am cool and unemotive,

Tony

distant from what I need most.

The Muse

"It is easier to be furious than to be yearning.

Tony

Easier to crucify myself in you..."

Duncan

And perhaps easiest to ingest that anger until it threatens to consume me, or apply a salve of substitutes to the wound.

Tony

But real anger accepts few substitutes and sneers at sublimation. The anger-hurt I feel cannot be washed down with a coke

Duncan / Malik

(old or new)

Tony

or a colt 45;

Malik

cannot be danced away;

Duncan
cannot be mollified by a white lover,
Tony
nor lost in the mirror reflections of Black lover;
Malik
cannot evaporate like sweat after a nautilus workout;
Duncan
nor drift away in a cloud of reefer smoke. I cannot leave it in Atlantic City , or Rio, or even Berlin when I vacation.
Malik
I cannot hope it will be gobbled up by the alligators on my clothing;
Tony
nor can I lose it in therapeutic catharsis.
D / M / T
I cannot offer it to Jesus/Allah/Jah
Malik.
So, I must mold and direct that fiery cool mass of angry energy-
T / All
use it before it / uses me!
Duncan
Anger unvented becomes pain
Malik
pain unspoken becomes rage,

RAGE RELEASED BECOMES VIOLENCE

INDIGO

closing

BLACK MEN LOVING BLACK MEN

BLACK MEN LOVING BLACK MEN

BLACK MEN LOVING BLACK MEN

A CALL TO ACTION
A CALL TO ACTION
AN ACKNOWDLEDGMENT OF RESPONSIBITY

BLACK MEN LOVING BLACK MEN

WE TAKE CARE OF OUR OWN KIND

WHEN THE NIGHTS GROW COLD

AND SILENT

BLACK MEN LOVING BLACK MEN

BLACK MEN LOVING BLACK MEN

BLACK MEN LOVING BLACK MEN

THESE DAYS THE NIGHTS ARE
COLD-BLOODED
AND THE SILENCE ECHOES WITH COMPLICITY

"**T**he establishment of the Atlanta Lambda Community Center is truly an exciting project for the Gay and Lesbian community of metropolitan Atlanta. The Lambda Center will provide a central meeting place for local organizations. Plus, it will act as a center for social events for the community at large. Atlanta has one of the most diverse Gay and Lesbian communities in the nation."

Cynthia McKinney
Member of Congress

"**T**he Office of Lesbian/Gay/Bisexual Life at Emory University wishes to express strong support for the proposed Lambda Community Center in Atlanta.... We feel that our community in Atlanta has long needed such a large, centralized space. It will facilitate communication and cohesion within the community and will allow groups to expand the range of services they provide."

Saralyn Chestnut
Director, Emory University Office of Lesbian/Gay/Bisexual Life

"**S**outhern Country Atlanta is pleased to endorse the formation of the Atlanta Lambda Community Center, Inc. It is our opinion that any and all organizations which provide support and facilities for the local gay and lesbian community are welcome and much needed."

Hans Kreigsman
1993 President, Southern Country Atlanta

"**A**s an organization, we fully support the Atlanta Lambda Community Center and look forward to a time when we can be under one roof with otherlocal organizations striving for community unity and strength."

Kenneth A. Johnson
Black and White Men Together/Atlanta

"**A**t pesent, Women of Wisdom is in need of meeting space to accomodate 25-30 people on a monthly basis. To accomodate our long-term goals, the creation of the Lambda Community Center would be ideal. We need a centrally located safe, accessible space for meetings and social gatherings, and office space to provide planning and delivery of services to gay and lesbian elders. Women of Wisdom will be happy to provide all the help we can in making the Lambda Community Center a reality."

Marsha Bond
Women of Wisdom

"**A**s members of the gay and lesbian community in Atlanta and as small business owners, we recognize the need for a gay and lesbian community center in our city. It is a definite void in the services that are offered in our city.... At Maddix, we are committed to doing our part to insure that the vision of the Lambda Community Center becomes a reality."

Tim Boyd & Michael Phillips
Maddix de•luxe

What of Bach

Listen to sonata.
The white man on the radio
Explains Bach.
I cry for my loving friend.
He cries behind the mountain.
The son of his loins cries alone.
loin tampered with,
precious drops fall,
Cancer.
Where I long to live,
In the lap of his love
The white radio-Bach-man
says "...all interpret his genius."
Can Bach cure cancer?
Make us whole
Sonata rises

The radio sounds blur
past the nightfall.
The telephone is insufficient
so waiting tearful to see
The scar of musical incisions.

"All interpret his genius."
I read the music
between the telephone lines.
Sad, choppy, sick music
I hate Bach.
I hate that radio man's voice.
He never gets sick.

Help sonata get up.
Will Beethoven or Chopin
bring a cure.
No, Bach must be the answer.
I'll cry through this movement.
Pray to a music God get in the next...
Lead the clapping at the end,
Only after the end of the piece.
Loud rhythmic clapping.

Love-Lost

I saw him once in a Vision-he came to me,
briefly in my sleep.
And when he came to me, i stretched out
my hands to him and held him ever so close.
He came to me with his heart in one hand,
and his soul in the other.
He offered it to me and i refused.
Again he offer them to me and again - I refused
Finally, he offered No More,
He turned his face from me and walk the other way, Never looking back.
I stretched out to him, but could not reach. I called out his name. but he did not hear.

I felt the sorrow in me subside and it started to grow.
He continued away from me and the furthr he went,
the more it grew.

At last, he vanished as suddenly as he
appeared and left me with nothing but
Emptiness.

Now I wish he loved me still!

Deborah-Michelle

Tell Momma I Love Her

T Tell Momma I love her.

M Tell Momma I love her.

T This little phrase haunts my thoughts as I vision the picture of my father and mother in their bedroom when I call.

T/M She is dying and he is attending to her.

T When the phone rings upstairs he answers and so far she has either been asleep or recovering from some kind of simple movement.

M You see, her abdominal cavity is filled with cancerous tumors and if she attempts to go to the bathroom or shift positions in the king size bed, she has an episode of pain that debilitates this once all-powerful woman. So my father, now not just the Head Nurse, but the Phone Censor,

T monitors her ability, desire and risk of talking to even I, her first surviving born child.

M I have a paranoid fear that he doesn't say to her,

T "Duncan called and he said he loves you."

M I fear he leaves off the part about how I love her.

T I want my mother to have the one assurance I can give her in the few days we have left. I hope and pray he tells Momma I love

her. I have no reason to think he would not, but when you are away from the center of a family ~~event~~,

T/M childlike fears prey on your frayed nerves.

M It's the primal fear of going to the park to play and forgetting for a few moments about your parents who are in view.

T Trusting their protection and then realizing after the swing stops that

T/M Momma is gone.

M It is this toddler's fear that is stealing my sleep and causing me to mistrust my caring and exhausted father.

T It is real faith that I have now that he is doing everything we discussed to keep her comfortable,

M that he allows my cousin LaVern to help,

T and that he knows somehow that it is now a matter of life

M (mine)

T and death

M (Momma's)

T that he relay that simple message.

T/M Tell Momma I love her.

Bad

Ladder

Malik M.L. Williams
P.O. Box 92007, Atlanta, [illegible] Tel 404.838.5147

DUNCAN

THESE SHOES

Are these [illegible]
that ca[illegible]
to intr[illegible]
so long ago?
Are these the same [illegible]
that left me limpin[illegible]
over the miles
my lover wouldn't [illegible]
Are these the same [illegible]
that halted at the [illegible]
uneager to march [illegible]
Will these shoes [illegible]
once again acro[illegible]
to meet fresh [illegible]
tonight?

AM I THE
ONLY
ONE

Malik M.L. Williams
P.O. Box 92097, Atlanta, Georgia 30314 Tel. 404.636.5147

DUNCAN

THESE SHOES

Are these the same shoes
that carried me home
to intrude on infidelity
so long ago?
Are these the same shoes
that left me limping
over the miles
my lover wouldn't come?
Are these the same shoes
that halted at the doorstep
uneager to march into heartbreak?
Will these shoes carry me
once again across the distance
to meet fresh betrayal
tonight?

Journal Entry
Malik M.L. Williams

T 21 September 1995, 4:30 AM

M I can't believe this. I'm actually scared. Frightened of what could have gone wrong. No matter how many times he does this to me, no matter how many times I let myself get suckered into believing something could have happened to him, I still find myself swimming in this feeling all over again.

T It starts with anger. I'm furious at being inconvenienced and livid at the thought that he would so easily disregard my attempts to contact him.

D Then comes the worry. Mild concern along with images of accidents, arrests, gang attacks permeate my mind. I tell myself that it's not worth going through all the stress and drama when I know it will probably turn out like last time or the time before that.

M Then the inkling that I'm being callous only adds to my original concern. Something could have happened. After four hours and no response whatsoever from him, worry has taken root and has spread real branches of fear through my mind.

D Suspicion and jealousy give way to a strange calm that belies the panic lurking beneath. Having walked however many miles from work to the bar to the IHOP then here to the train station, I begin to realize that only the anger and fear intermingled could possibly generate such energy within me.

T I am driven to move, to fill my brain with all the passing lights and people, to crowd out the images of horrible imagined tragedies. But now, sitting in this quiet place with nothing much to hold my attention, my mind drifts again.

M So I write hoping that the very act of writing will consume me to the point at which I am no longer truly concentrating on the actual subject of my composition.

D For a time it works. I am drawn on by my sentences, led astray by the next word. But the end of all pretentious obsession is near.

T Soon the train will come. I will get on and go whooshing through the darkness to a place near home. I will walk the final distance to my front door

M and as I draw near the last curve, I will hope that the car is there

D or is not there,

M that the house is brightly lit

T or pitch black,

M that I will find him

D/T or will find nothing …

M The train arrives and opens itself, waiting to carry me to my answers. I take my seat and begin the end of my journey.

T Soon I will know.

M Soon I will find relief enough to reclaim and rekindle my anger, or I will feel the icy tendrils of fear close firmly about my heart.

D Soon.

M I have one more stop.

We Wear the Mask
Paul Lawrence Dunbar

(MINSTREL) We wear the mask that grins and lies,
It hides our cheeks and shades our eyes, —
This debt we pay to human guile;
With torn and bleeding hearts we smile,
And mouth with myriad subtleties.

DUNCAN TEAGUE

(GREGORIAN) Why should the world be over-wise,
In counting all our tears and sighs?
Nay, let them only see us, while
We wear the mask.

TONY DANIELS

(SHAKESPEAR) We smile, but, O great Christ, our cries
To thee from tortured souls arise.
We sing, but oh the clay is vile
Beneath our feet, and long the mile;
But let the world dram otherwise,
We wear the mask.

MALIK WILLIAMS

(ROUNDS) We wear the mask that grins and lies,
It hides our cheeks and shades our eyes, —
This debt we pay to human guile;
With torn and bleeding hearts we smile,
And mouth with myriad subtleties.

BLACK IS The Color of my True
LOVES HAIR

DON'T ASK DON'T TELL

WELL YOU SEE,YOUR ACTIONS AND MY OBSERVATIONS TELL ME
DEATH IS WHAT YOU SEEK
I'VE COME TO BRING YOUR SEARCH TO AN END
BY GIVING YOU WHAT YOU SEEK

INSTEAD OF CONSTANT CONSUMPTION OF ALCOHOL, WE CAN START
WITH A KISS ON THE LIPS
THERE WILL BE NO NEED FOR PILING ROCKS OF COCAINE ON TOP
OF BEDS OF CIGARETTE ASHES, SEARCHING FOR THE HIGH THAT
CAN'T BE FOUND, WE CAN JUST SUCK EACH OTHER DRY
FORGET ABOUT PULLING STUNTS IN BANKS AND DEPARTMENT
STORES, OR WORKING STOLEN CREDIT CARDS
WE CAN FUCK ALL NIGHT LONG
NEVER BREAKING STRIDE
EYES CLOSED TIGHTLY
TEETH CLAMPED DOWN HARD IN FLESH
WHILE SCREAMS OF HEDONISTIC DELIGHT PIERCE THE NIGHT
VIBRATING FROM DEEP WITHIN OUR PSYCHES

I BROUGHT YOU HERE IN SEARCH OF THESE PLEASURES
FIRMLY KNOWING- DEATH---IS WHAT---YOU SEEK
FIRMLY BELIEVING THAT YOU WANT ASK AND I WANT TELL

TONY DANIELS
FEBRUARY 95

ACT III
scene 6

(MOVES TO THE BEDROOM IN THE CENTER OF THE BED/BRING THE LIGHTS DOWN SOME)

WHAT IF

AND IF WHILE,
YOU THRUST YOUR PENIS INTO THE DEEPEST LIMITS MY ASS WILL OFFER
WOULD IT HELP,
IF WITH EACH STROKE,
AS YOU ENTERED ME,
I WHISPERED INTO YOUR EAR

I HAVE AIDS.FUCK ME LOVER, I HAVE AIDS
DEEPER ,YES! WORK ME BABY,I HAVE AIDS

WOULD YOU LOOSE YOUR ERECTION/go limp?
WOULD IT EVEN MATTER ?
WOULD YOU EVEN CONSIDER STOPPING?
COULD WE STOP AND TALK ABOUT IT THEN?
WHEN WILL YOU?.........................
WHAT WILL IT TAKE?........ ....
FOR YOU TO TALK ABOUT IT.............

Get it & feel good
nt[redacted]e shange
Ntozake

DUNCAN
you cd just take what he's got for you
i mean what's available cd add up in the long run
if it's music/take it
say he's got good dishwashing techniques
he cd be a marvelous masseur/ take it
whatever good there is to get
get it and feel good
TONY
say there's an electrical wiring fanatic
he cd come in handy some day
suppose they know how to tend plants
if you want somebody with guts/ you cd go to a rodeo
a prize fight/or a gang war might be up your alley
there's sombody out there with something you want
not alla it/ but a lil bit from here & there can add up in the long run
whatever good there is to get
get it & feel good
MALIK
this one's got kisses/that one can lay linoleum
this one likes wine/that one fries butterfish real good
this one is a anarcho-musiccologist
this one wants puskin to rise again
& that one has had it with the past tense/
whatever good there is to get
get it & feel good

DUNCAN
this one cd make music roll around the small of your back
& that one jumps up & down in the gardens
it cd be yrs
there really is enough to get by with in this world
but you have to know what yr looking for/
whatever good there is to get
get it & feel good
TONY
you have to know what they will give up easily
what's available is not always all that's possible
but there's so much fluctuation in the market these days
you have to be particular
whatever good there is to get
get it & feel good

DUNCAN
whatever good there is to get
THE MUSE
get it & feel good/ get it feel good
MALIK
snatch it & feel good
TONY
grab it & feel good
DUNCAN
steal it & feel good
THE MUSE
borrow it & feel good
TONY

reach it & feel good
/ you cd
DUNCAN
oh yeah
THE MUSE
& feel good
get it & feel good
get it and feel good
get it & feel good

Venus Magazine

p.o.box 89238 atlanta ga 30312 of.404.755.8711 fx.404.755.9587

The ADODI Muse: An Outsiders' Collective
Malik M.L. Williams
P.O.Box 92097
Atlanta, GA 30314

January 24, 1997

Dear ADODI Muse Members,

As President of Cothran Publications,Inc., I am writing to officially introduce the Second Anniversary Edition our periodical, **Venus Magazine**. As you know, Venus targets the affluent African-American Gay & Lesbian community. The magazine is the only one of it's kind to bring our community the latest news of interest to black gays and lesbians on entertainment, politics, theater, academics, and health through nonerotic print media.

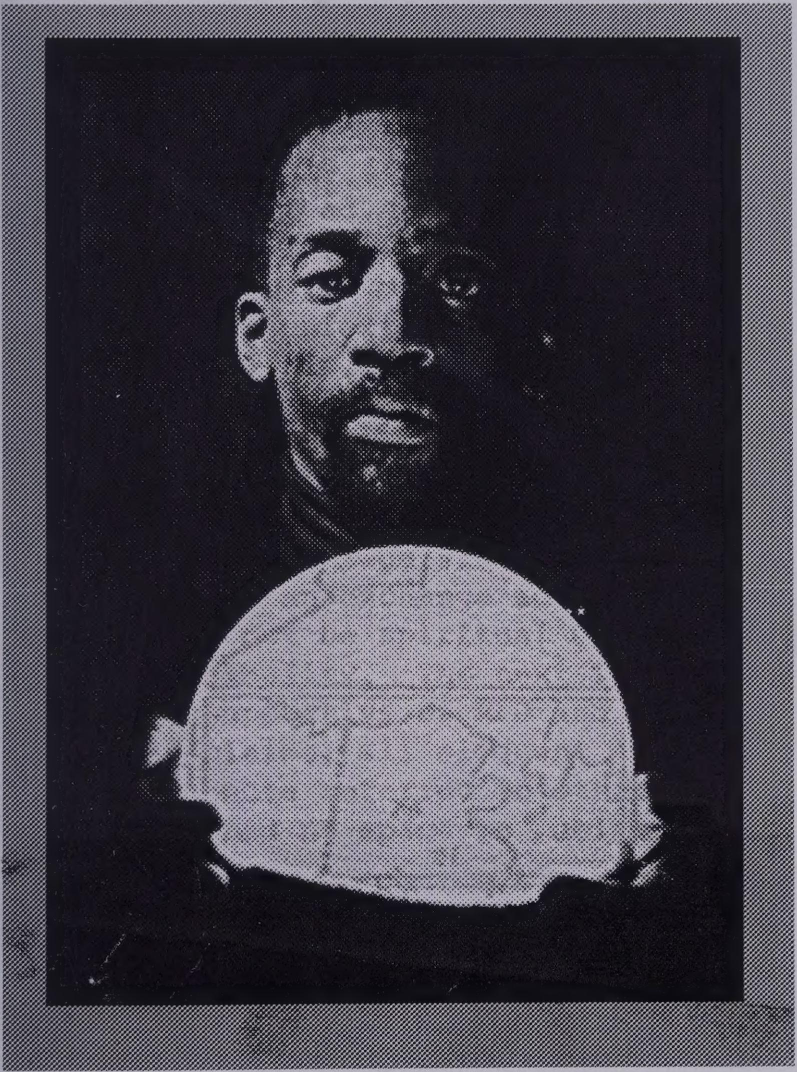
It is with great respect for the Auburn Ave. Research Library that we will donate all volumes of Venus, with a continuous gift subscription to the Library's Reference & Research Area. We will present theses volumes during a ceremony in the Library's auditorium on Sunday March 2, 1997 from 5pm -7pm followed by a reception. The public is invited free of charge.

As an esteemed member Atlanta's Gay & Lesbian Performing Arts community, we humbly request your attendance to give a performance at the opening & close of the ceremony. The Importance of Preserving African-American Gay & Lesbian History is the topic and theme for the event. Our confirmed keynote speaker is Dr. Rudolph Byrd, Director of African-American Studies, Emory University. This event will officially mark our Second Anniversary and celebrate our history.

Venus started as a tiny lesbian of color events calendar. Sought after by local advertisers who recognized the need to connect with the black gay/lesbian community it progressed into a monthly newsletter. In less than 12 months from the last published newsletter, Venus became the South's first black gay/lesbian monthly magazine. After two full years in print, Venus will soon be found in Full Color on Newsstands throughout the United States.

Please feel free to contact me directly at (404) 755-8711. We appreciate your work and we look forward to hearing from you soon.

Sincerely,
Charlene Cothran
Charlene
President
Cothran Publications, Inc.



Essex Hemphill

April 16,1957-November 4, 1995

His Life, Wisdom, & Words

A Reading in Memoriam

B.A.R.N.

presents

"Our Bodacious Halloween Bash and Coming Out Party"

Welcome, and THANK YOU for coming out to
support a visible
Bi-presence within the Atlanta Gay,Lesbian and
Bi community
We hope you enjoy yourselves tonight and encourage you
to involve yourself with us through our groups and
community education /outreach.
Again Thank you and have a good time.

TONIGHTS PERFORMERS;

AMY ZEGER
TRE' JOHNSON AND FRIENDS
S. FAYBELL MAHEE
DE AUNDRA PEEK
JIM CHAPPELEAUX
TERRENCE JACKSON
ELAINE
FERNANDO
MICHAEL G.
LEE BRANNON

SOUTHERN VOICE

OUTLINES

TRE JOHNSON

Age: 23

How long in Atlanta: native

Relationship Status: long distance

Last Book Read: "The Ugly Waif" by Tina McElroy Ansa

Pet Peeve: inconsistency

Despite all of the attention paid to the arts in metro Atlanta lately, performance artist Tre Johnson has not been sitting still just watching the news stories. Johnson recently performed in "Life's Legends: Past and Present" at 14th Street Playhouse over Labor Day weekend.

The timing turned out to be very good for that show, he says, "because, for some reason, thousands of African-American gays and lesbians come to Atlanta on Labor Day weekend." The show ran again in conjunction with the Atlanta Gay and Lesbian Arts Festival, where he read poetry and short stories at the Otherside. Gay and lesbian Atlantans may have also seen him at this summer's Pride festival, where he staged a reading of one of his short stories called "Kissing Cousins."

A self-proclaimed singer/actor/poet, Johnson was exposed to the stage at an early age. His father is a blues musician who still does studio work here. Johnson started singing around age 10, primarily because it was the one thing he had in common with his father. There were the hopes that through singing, his relationship with his father would grow stronger because that was something that his father could acknowledge and appreciate. Johnson started performing during his middle school years and went on to graduate from the nationally-acclaimed Northside School of the Arts. "That's where I really came into my own, I guess."

"My mother is a Jehovah's Witness. She and my father were from two different worlds. So early on, I had craziness in my world." But has mom, as a Jehovah's Witness who also lives in Atlanta, had problems dealing with her son's sexuality?

"No. My mother is very very supportive of me. People don't believe she's actually my mother because she is just so wonderful and so receptive to her openly gay black son. I've always been very different from my family. I've just kind of segregated myself so they just think I'm kind of crazed. They just accept me for who I am."

Although Jehovah's Witnesses, as with most every other organized religion, deem homosexuality as wrong, Johnson seems to have a very healthy relationship with his family. With his niece Maya (named after the poet) bouncing on his knee while talking and answering questions about his life, his wonderful sense of humor about himself and his work comes to surface. When asked what to do if someone from Jehovah's Witness comes to the door to convert you, he says, "Just do what I do and say, 'Oh, I'm in here with my lover right now.'" As the Southerner creeps into his speech on occasion, he talks about his life after Northside.

"I left the city for while and went to London, and then I came back because my best girlfriend was murdered. When I came back home, I was totally different because I had left the States and I had gained my independence."

Johnson is currently in a relationship with a playwright who lives in Texas. "He's my long-distance lover. I just love him. I'm trying to get him to move here to Atlanta. If he wants me to be his complete spouse, he would have to." There are plans to visit his Texas beau for about a month this fall.

Before his rendezvous in the Lone Star State, however, he will be working with "one of my best girlfriends," lesbian activist S. Faybell MaHee, on "Souls On Fire" at SAME on Oct. 28. After returning from his trip, he will once again be busy as ever, premiering an all African-American gay male theater group called Sissy Shockers. They will be performing "A Love Beyond Levels," three individual pieces about interracial love. Tre's piece is titled "Mulatto Love Thang," so it probably won't make it to Cobb County.

He is also working on a jazz/R&B album and on a collection of poetry called "Listen to My Soul Singing," some of which will be submitted to a couple of anthologies to be published during summer 1994. He will be the first to tell you, "I wear many wigs."

JOE BIRDSONG

Welcome, and THANK YOU for coming out to
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We hope you enjoy yourselves tonight and encourage you
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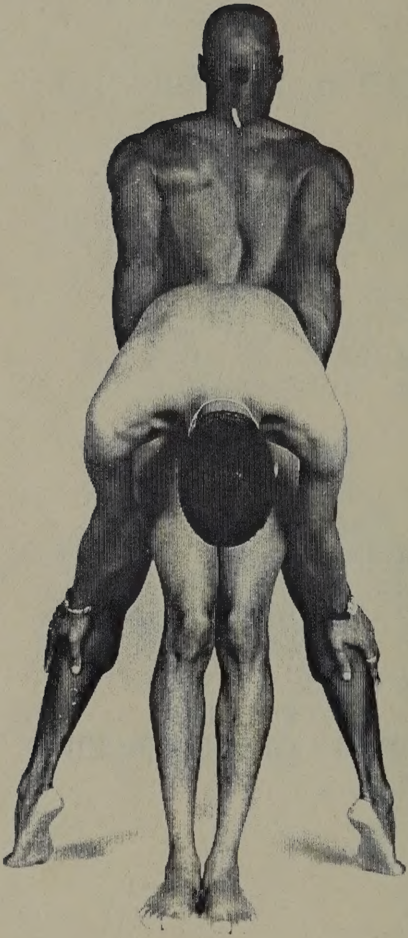
ELAINE
FERNANDO
MICHAEL G.
LEE BRANNON

SPECIAL THANKS TO ;

S.A.M.E.
CHARIS BOOKS
POSTER HUT
IMAGE FILM/VIDEO
BRUSHSTROKES
STREETBEAT RECORDS
ALLEN GREEN
TANIA
AID ATLANTA
TONY FOSTER
DANY NIEVES
ALL THE VISUAL ARTISTS
ALL THE PERFORMERS
ALL THE MODELS
SUE AND PHIL
OUR STEERING COMMITTEE
800 EAST
....AND OF COURSE YOU !!!!!!!



For more information
call
(404) 908-3413
or write
B.A.R.N.
P.O.B. 55182
Atl., Ga., 30308

Adodi Muse:

Jerel Cooper Business Manager	Tony Danies -President , Poet
James McKissic Choregrapher, Poet	Duncan Teague Dramatic Advisor, Poet

Malik Williams-
Asst. Business Mgr, Poet

Guest Muse:

Tre' Johnson - Member-at-large
(Founder- R. Lee and the Shockers)

Ms Sharon Crosby
&
Queen

We all wish to thank the community for supporting our endeavors
and we wish along with that a special hug to

The Board of Directors and Staff of the
First Existentialist Congregation of Atlanta

Mr. Chris Parr-Sound and recording

...and for a blessing to do this and to have loved
and supported Essex, we pray for the health and well being
of his mother and the entire family
and all who miss his brave, loving words.

Malik M.L. Williams
P.O. Box 92097, Atlanta, Georgia 30314 Tel. 404.636.5147

KISS

soft
gentle
inviting curves
~~an~~ innocent taste
maybe-just once
my lips
parting
pressing
a perfect fit
inhale surprising sweetness
so soft
        i never dreamed
again
        please
        i can’t stop
~~and~~ again
enough
too much
so succulent
soft
addictive
haunting sensation
        please
        not again
so soft
gentle
inviting

paraphernalia, and use it while masturbating.

A few men who are into baby fantasies buy their supplies at the nearest store, keep everything in plain sight, and don't care who knows about their fetish. Until the world becomes a less judgmental place, however, most people with unusual sexual interests prefer discretion. There's no reason not to buy your toys and equipment at local department stores and baby stores; you can get adult diapers at a drugstore. People who don't know you will assume you're a father; those who do, will assume you're buying things for friends or relatives. But if you're worried that your secret will get out, do your shopping out of town.

For most people whose sexual interests fall out of the mainstream, the biggest problem is finding interested partners. Fortunately, there are newsletters and clubs for almost every special interest, including this one, which will be invaluable in helping you make contacts. See *Special Interests.*

INTERCOURSE. In a sexual context, intercourse can refer to any genital contact between two or more people. The most popular types of intercourse for gay men are described in individual sections; some less common ones are briefly highlighted below.

In the activities described here, neither man ejaculates inside the other, and there is no significant risk of transmitting HIV.

Interfemoral intercourse: This involves thrusting the penis between the thighs of a partner. It can be done lying down face-to-face, or with the bottom partner on his stomach, or in a variety of standing positions. It doesn't work if the second man's thighs are too thin.

The ancient Greeks have such a reputation for enjoying anal intercourse that the terms *Greek active* and *Greek passive* today refer to partners in anal intercourse. But scholars (yes, people get paid for studying these things) believe that while anal intercourse was known in ancient Greece, the men and boys on all those pottery fragments were usually having interfemoral intercourse.

Buttockry: Rubbing the penis in the cleft of the buttocks, but without actually entering the anus. This was another activity enjoyed by the Greeks.

Armpit fucking: As the AIDS crisis worsened, gay men started looking for new sexual combinations, and this one has proven popular for occasional variety. When your arm is held close to your body, it forms a pocket into which your partner can insert his penis. As he's fucking away, you have both hands free to masturbate. You can also spread your legs, a position not available in interfemoral intercourse; some

Duncan's
X-

Malik M.L. Williams
P.O. Box 92097, Atlanta, Georgia 30314 Tel. 404.636.5147

IN PASSING

TONY
- figurative, not blatant

A fantasy, ~~made real in passing~~ exploding into view
> ~~of~~ deep, rich chocolate
longing to be licked.
Summer sunshine skin
glistening bare and bold.
Smooth, naked head
inviting the caress of a hand.
Thick black brows
knitting anger or determination
into eyes the darkness
of stolen midnight trysts.
Nostrils flaring stallion-wild
drinking oceans of air.
Perfectly squared, black whiskers
framing lips the fullness of overripe berries
parting to revealing teasing glimpses
of whitewashed, picket-fence straight teeth.
Firm, wet, pink tong striking sensual contrast,
dancing out to paint berries glistening and moist.
Elegant, long, corded neck
meeting powerful shoulders
introducing arms like massive serpents.
Chest of oak wrapped in steel
rippling wide and firm
~~while~~ nipples alert to subtle currents
stand begging to be tongue-teased and suckled
sturdy ridges lightly sprinkled with fine gossamer
opening a trail to treasures of loose longing
not well hidden by scanty fabric
powerful thigh surging forward
black manhood standing briefly revealed
central symbol of maleness threatening flimsy seams
twin thigh thundering onward
vision passing
with high, firm, perfectly balanced roundness
following in its wake.

Adodi Muse
An Outsiders Collective™

**Celebrates
Black Gay History
with readings
all over February**

Sunday, February 11, 3:00 PM
In "Unity Through Personal Empowerment " @ Spelman College: Sisters Chapel Presented by Atlanta Lambda Center

Sunday, February 11, 7:30 PM
Featured Guest Artist at "Sparky's Poetry Hour" @ Outwrite Bookstore and Coffee House, Midtown Promenade Plaza — need lineup

Wednesday, February 14, 7:00 PM
In Yellow Fire Productions' "Hearts of Wild Red Gullah Sistahs "
Featuring Tre' Johnson and Adodi Muse
1st MCC of Atlanta, Tulley Road @ North Druid Hills @ I-85

Thursday, February 15, 7:30 PM
In Yellow Fire Productions' "Southern Folklore" featuring
Tre' Johnson, Adodi Muse, & Yankee Womyn-warrior Poetess: Queen @ Charis Books and More 404.524.0304

MALIK's, TONY

Saturday, Februrary 17, 8:00 PM
In Yellow Fire Productions' "A Glimpse of Lavender"
@ Obvious Choices, 122 Avondale Estates, Avondale
(yeah, Avondale, GA) 404.294.0740

Friday, Februrary 23, 9:00 PM
Adodi Muse in "Rainbow Colored History"
Your Favorite Spot in Inman Park: Sylvia's Art of This Century
122 Hurt Street 404.522.3666, Next to Deacon Burton's Old Place.
Admission: Always so reasonable!!

This is the line up for the Groups first reading

Set One - Mothers
1. Ron - There She Stands
2. David-Michael - Moma
3. Tony - When a Mother Cries
4. James - Untitled, Read by Richard

Set Two - Confusion
1. Tony - Is It Rape if You Come?
2. Kelly - Am I the Only One
3. James - Untitled, Read by Richard
4. Byron - Hell Hounds on My Tail

Set Three - Identity
1. David-Michael - Mystique
2. Ron - No More Ego Tripping
3. Byron -
4. James - Page 113: A Found Poem, Read by Richard

Set Four - Love
1. Byron - The Divine One
2. Richard -
3. David-Michael - Willow Tree
4. Ron - My One True Love
5. Tony - To Be Loved

Set Five - Sex
1. Kelly - Lust
2. Tony - What If
3. Byron - Fuck
4. David-Michael (Tony) - Cum 4 Me

“CHARACTERS”
THURSDAY, JULY 25,1996
GAY AND LESBIAN VISITORS CENTER

1.PSYCHOSIS#2(JUDGE NOT, THAT YE BE NOT JUDGED-MATTHEW 71)--- TONY DANIELS(THE MUSE)
“COME TO JESUS”
2.DELIVERANCE--- CRAIG HICKMAN(TONY)

3.I AM LIKE A ROOM---MALIK WILLIAMS(MALIK)

4. FAGBASHER---G. WINSTON JAMES(THE MUSE)

5. PSYCHOSIS #1 ---TONY DANIELS / HE REMEMBERS---MALIK WILLIAMS(THE MUSE)

6.HONESTLY---TONY DANIELS(TONY)

7.SECRETS--- TONY DANIELS(MALIK)

8.DON’T ASK DON’T TELL--- TONY DANIELS(TONY)

9.READING ESSEX AT THE AIRPORT--- MALIK WILLIAMS(MALIK)

10.NOW WE THINK--- ESSEX HEMPHILL(THE MUSE)

IN THE LIFE ATLANTA
BLACK GAY PRIDE CELEBRATION
LABOR DAY WKEND AUG29-SEPT 02 1996
CULTURAL ARTS FESTIVAL @ SAT. AUG 31
THE GAY &LESBIAN VISITORS CENTER @CENTER STAGE

WE WEAR THE MASK	PAUL LAWERENCE DUNBAR	THE MUSE
I HAVE COME INTO THE CITY	SONJA SANCHEZ/SWEET HONEY IN THE ROCK	THE MUSE
AND CAIN KILLED ABEL	TONY DANIELS	THE MUSE
PRAYER TO HER	DUNCAN TEAGUE	DUNCAN
SERENADE	KING TURGO BASTIEN/TONY DANIELS	TONY
ME AND MRS. JONES	TONY DANIELS	TONY
WHAT OF BACH	DUNCAN TEAGUE	DUNCAN
HONESTLY	TONY DANIELS	TONY
SELF POTRAIT	TONY DANIELS	TONY

After the Games

Opening
Libation by Tony Daniels

Tribute to Womyn

Prayer to Her
by Duncan Teague
Malik Williams

Serenade
by Tony
Tony

Carlyles Theory
by Malik
Malik

Tell Me What
Duncan

Section II

What of Bach
by Duncan
Malik & Duncan

I Am Like A Room
by Malik
Malik

Room with AView
by Tony
Tony

Get It and Feel Good
by Ntozake
The Muse

Section III

Ode to My Dearest Enemy
by Duncan
Duncan

Deliverance
by Craig Hickman
Tony and Duncan

Like a Sailor
by Tony
The Muse

Psychosis #2
by Tony
The Muse

Closure

Untitled
by Duncan
Duncan

"Miles to Go Before I Sleep"
Excerps from One Queen Show
by Tony
Tony Daniels

"Miles to Go Before I Sleep"
Tony Daniels
at the Gay & Lesbian Visitors Center
@ Center Stage Tuesday,
August 27, 7:00PM
1374 West Peachtree Street NW, Atlanta
All seats $15.00
an Adodi Muse Production

Sweet

1 Bad Liquor - DUNCAN
Erotic Haiku - DUNCAN
Survival Notes from College - Duncan
Close My Eyes and Have You - TONY
EROTICA #1 - TONY
UNTITLED - TONY

INtimate SPACES

SECTION #1

1. DUNC
2. DUNC
3. ~~DUNC~~ ME ("Survival")
4. TON
5. TON
6. ME
7. Intimate Spaces
   D/M/T

SPICY – TONY
I wanted you in my Life – MALIK
ON All Fours #2 DUNCAN/MALIK
ON All Fours #1 TONY
My Irishmen – DUNCAN
Am I the ONLY ONE – MALIK
I Hold Secrets – TONY

Speak Fire Agenda

Saturday May 17, 1997

9:00pm - 9:15pm/ Introduction , welcome, Libation, Blessing of Space

9:15pm-9:20pm/ Who has been to all the Speak Fire's', Collect the tickets of all those third time guest have first drawing and give away first door prize.

Switch **9:20pm-9:30**pmAdodi Muse A Gay Negro Ensemble

9:30pm-10:00pm/ Open Mic

10:00pm-10:05pm/ Break 5 minutes (announce that food and drink being served in the Lambda Lobby)

10:05pm-10:15pm/ Adodi Muse A Gay Negro Ensemble

10:15pm-10:45pm/ Open Mic

Five minute Break (door Prize)

10:50pm-11:00pm/ Adodi Muse A Gay Negro Ensemble

11:00pm-11:05pm/ Break

11:05pm- until/ Open Mic

Spicy-Tony

Malik - I wanted you in my life

D/M - On All Fours #2

Tony - On All Fours #1

MT - My Irishman

M. - Am I the Only One

T - I Hold Secrets

Spring - Tour

- I wanted you in my life
- Dr. All Tours #2
- Dr. All Tours #1
- My Testimony
- Am I the Only One
- I Hold Secrets